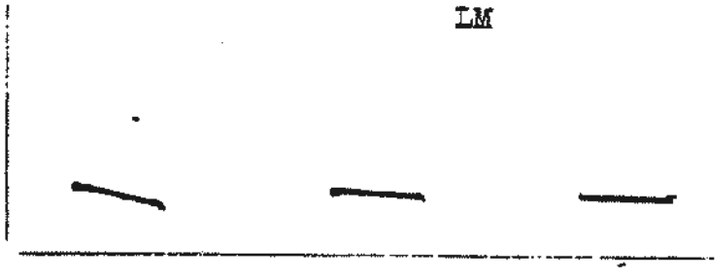
February 5,1947 - Molly Mandaville called me into her office & gave me this ~~mimeo~~graphed copy which was made up after picture was finished and includes French dialog and Hindustani, and these copies were made up at request of Mr Zanuc for Mr Goulding and others

LM



"THE RAZOR'S EDGE"

by

W. Somerset Maugham

Adaptation by

Lamar Trotti

* * *

-7th Revised-
Shooting Final
March 22, 1946

THE RAZOR'S EDGE

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* * * *

THE RAZOR'S EDGE

C A S T

LARRY DARRELL	Tyrone Power
ISABEL	Gene Tierney
GRAY MATURIN	John Payne
SOPHIE	Anne Baxter
ELLIOTT TEMPLETON	Clifton Webb
SOMERSET MAUGHAM	Herbert Marshall
MRS. LOUISA BRADLEY	Lucile Watson
BOB MacDONALD	Frank Latimore
MISS KEITH	Elsa Lanchester
KOSTI	Fritz Kortner
JOSEPH	John Wengraf
HOLY MAN	Cecil Humphreys
SPECIALTY DANCER	Harry Pilcer
PRINCESS NOVEMALI	Cobina Wright, Sr.
ALBERT	Albert Petit
POLICE INSPECTOR	Henri Letondal
RUSSIAN SINGER	Noel Cravat
SPECIALTY DANCER	Laura Stevens
LAWYER	Jean De Briac
SEA CAPTAIN	Eugene Borden
FOOTMAN	Leo Galitzine
HOUSEKEEPER	Helen Giere
MAID	Isabelle Lamore
BISHOP	Andre Charlot

* * * *

"THE RAZOR'S EDGE"

FADE IN

1 THUNDER CLOUDS - MOONLIT SKY - NIGHT

Over these clouds we hear Maugham's Voice:

MAUGHAM
This story consists of my recollections of a very unusual young man with whom I was thrown into contact at long intervals.

CAMERA PANS DOWN into the dark foliage of trees surrounding the CHICAGO COUNTRY CLUB, and then starts to move slowly down across the terrace which is crowded with couples dancing the toddle, until we pick up SOMERSET MAUGHAM coming onto the terrace from the Clubhouse.

MAUGHAM
In the summer of 1919, while passing through Chicago on my way to the Far East, a friend of mine, Elliott Templeton, whom I had known in London and Paris, invited me to dine with him and his sister, Mrs. Bradley. They were giving a dinner party at one of those sprawling country clubs which were so much a part of the American scene in the early days of the postwar boom.

As CAMERA COMES IN CLOSE ON MAUGHAM he speaks to a waiter.

MAUGHAM
Mr. Templeton's table?

WAITER
(indicating)
Up there, sir.

Maugham starts off and we CUT TO:

2 ALCOVE OFF TERRACE

ELLIOTT TEMPLETON has a large silver flask in his hand and is looking about anxiously for a waiter, calling to the head waiter to send a man to him, etc. He crosses to the table where his sister, MRS. BRADLEY, is arranging place cards.

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont.)

ELLIOTT
(muttering)
Prohibition! Of all the bloody nonsense --

MRS. BRADLEY
Who is this man you've asked for tonight, Elliott? I had to get Sophie to come at the last minute or we'd have been thirteen.

ELIOTT
He's an English author. He's quite all right. In fact, he's really quite famous, so pretend you've heard of him even if you haven't.

MRS. BRADLEY
You must be slipping, Elliott, if you frequent authors.

ELLIOTT
Not at all, my dear. Authors go everywhere nowadays. Why, in London, I've even met actors and actresses in society.

Mrs. Bradley gives her brother a quick, amused smile of which Elliott is unaware.

ELLIOTT
(catching sight of Maugham)
Oh, here he is now.

He starts toward Maugham with outstretched hand.

ELLIOTT
My dear feller! How very nice to see you.
(leading him to Mrs. Bradley)
Let me present you to my sister, Mrs. Bradley. Louisa, this is Mr. Somerset Maugham.

MRS. BRADLEY
(giving him her hand)
It's an honor to have you with us, Mr. Maugham.

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont. 1)

MAUGHAM
Thank you. It's very nice to be here.

Elliott offers Maugham a cigarette from a beautiful case - selects one for himself. It is long and probably a special brand.

ELLIOTT
What on earth are you doing in this benighted city?

MAUGHAM
I'm only passing through. And you, Elliott? I thought you never left Paris.

ELLIOTT
And why should I? In point of fact, I came to see my sister, Louisa, and my niece, Isabel. I've not been over since before the war.
(lighting his cigarette)
I hope you don't mind, a few young things are joining us for dinner, but we can leave early.

MAUGHAM
Why should I mind? I like young things if they're good to look at.

ELLIOTT
Incidentally, you'll see the young man my niece has got herself engaged to.

MRS. BRADLEY
His name's Larry Darrell. I think I should tell you at once that Elliott doesn't approve of him.

Mrs. Bradley, meanwhile, has gone about the business of putting cards on the table, surveying the arrangements, etc.

ELLIOTT
Oh, I have nothing against him. But he hasn't any money, and my sister's not a rich woman by any means. She needs all she's got.

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont. 2)

MRS. BRADLEY
(with a certain stiffness altogether lacking in Elliott's manner)
Elliott, are you obliged to tell Mr. Maugham all about our private affairs?

MAUGHAM
We can't all be millionaires, Elliott.

ELLIOTT
He hasn't even a job.

MAUGHAM
He can get one, can't he?

ELLIOTT
He doesn't want a job.

MAUGHAM
Why not?

ELLIOTT
Because he's bone idle.

MAUGHAM
(his eyes twinkling)
That must shock a man like you who's never earned a penny in his life.

ELLIOTT
It may have escaped your notice, my dear feller, but I am not an ordinary man. For the run of mankind, industry is essential and I see no reason why this young man whom my niece has chosen to marry should not conform to the customs of his country.
(he looks off)
Here's my niece.
(moves toward Isabel)
Oh, Isabel.

Isabel comes in.

MRS. BRADLEY
Mr. Maugham - this is my daughter, Isabel.

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont. 3)

ISABEL
How do you do?

MAUGHAM
How do you do?

They shake hands.

ISABEL
(looking around)
Where's Larry?

ELLIOTT
Late.

ISABEL
(smiling)
Poor sweet. I suppose he forgot to wind his watch last night, as usual.

Mrs. Bradley catches sight of SOPHIE NELSON, who is just coming toward them, unescorted.

MRS. BRADLEY
Oh, hello, Sophie dear.
(to Maugham)
This is Sophie Nelson - Mr. Somerset Maugham. Sophie's a neighbor of ours in the country.

Sophie and Maugham exchange 'How-do-you-do's,' then Isabel and Sophie embrace each other, though both are careful not to disarrange their makeups.

ISABEL
(in a low voice)
Sophie, you look lovely.

SOPHIE
(with a smile)
It's the dress. Are you sure you don't mind my wearing it?

ISABEL
Of course not. If you like it, take it as a present.

SOPHIE
Oh, Isabel, that's awfully sweet of you! It'll be such a surprise for Bob to see me decently dressed for once.

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont. 4)

ISABEL
You know Bob's much too much in love with you to notice what you wear.

SOPHIE
He isn't any crazier about me than I am about him. I don't believe anyone has ever loved anyone as I love him. Isn't it heavenly to be alive?

Her whole face is suffused with happiness for a moment. At this moment GRAY MATURIN, a tall, handsome young man, sticks his head in between the heads of the two girls.

GRAY
Can I break this up?

The girls turn to him, laughing.

ISABEL
Hello, Gray.

GRAY
Hi.
(to Isabel)
You look lovely.

ISABEL
Thanks.

Sophie, smiling, turns aside from them and to Maugham. Another waiter is passing with a cocktail tray. Maugham takes one.

MAUGHAM
May I give you one, Miss - Nelson, isn't it?

SOPHIE
Sophie Nelson. I'd love it.
(then with a rueful smile)
But I guess I'd better not.

MAUGHAM
(mildly surprised)
Why? What's wrong with a cocktail?

SOPHIE
Nothing. Only I promised Bob I wouldn't.

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont. 5)

MAUGHAM
Bob?

SOPHIE
(lightly)
My boy friend. He doesn't like me to drink. He thinks I'm too fond of them.

They both laugh and Maugham sips the cocktail himself. Then he looks around inquiringly. Other guests are drifting in - being greeted by Isabel and Mrs. Bradley.

MAUGHAM
And which is Bob?

SOPHIE
He isn't here. He's working. He's putting himself through law school. He's going to drop in later and take me home.

Elliott comes by with a tray of hors d'oeuvres.

ELLIOTT
If my man Joseph could see me now, I give you my word he'd faint dead away.

They laugh. Elliott moves on.

SOPHIE
You're a great friend of Mr. Templeton's, aren't you?

MAUGHAM
I wouldn't say that. Elliott has no friends - only acquaintances.

SOPHIE
He's an awful snob, isn't he?

MAUGHAM
Awful. But he's kind and generous. People laugh at him behind his back, but they eat his food and drink his wine.

SOPHIE
He's always been very nice to me.

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont. 6)

MAUGHAM
He has very good manners. He's just as polite to a servant as to a duchess. It's only with his equals that he permits his tongue to follow its natural instincts.

SOPHIE
(smiling)
He's devoted to Isabel. In a way they're rather alike.

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont. 6)

MAUGHAM
(curiously)
What makes you say that?

SOPHIE
(hastily)
They both have a lot of charm.

Maugham looks at her for a moment, wondering if this is exactly what she means. At this moment Isabel comes by with Gray.

ISABEL
Mr. Maugham, you're next to my mother. And Sophie, you're next to Gray - at the end of the table.

GRAY
(to Sophie, with a grin)
That's us, Toots.

ISABEL
Oh, Mr. Maugham - Mr. Maturin.

The men shake hands, then Isabel and Gray move on.

MAUGHAM
And who is Mr. Maturin?

SOPHIE
He's our millionaire. His father's a big broker and we're proud of him. He gives us class. But he's nice - Gray, I mean. I know several girls who'd stop at nothing short of murder to get him. But they haven't a chance.

MAUGHAM
Why not?

SOPHIE
He's so much in love with Isabel that he can't see straight.

MAUGHAM
(thoughtfully)
I see...And she's in love with Larry Darrell?

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont. 7)

SOPHIE
(nodding)
Um-hm.

MAUGHAM
I suppose that does complicate matters.

SOPHIE
It does if you're as high-principled as Gray is.

MAUGHAM
And is Larry here?

SOPHIE
(looking around)
No....Oh yes, he's just coming in now - way over there. Look.

Maugham turns, then takes a couple of steps away as we CUT TO a LONG MOVING SHOT OF LARRY as he comes onto the Terrace and crosses to the Bradley table, going around tables, greeting friends, etc. Over this we hear Maugham's Voice again.

MAUGHAM
This is the young man of whom I write. He is not famous. It may be that when his life at last comes to an end he will leave no more trace of his sojourn on this earth than a stone thrown into a river leaves on the surface of the water. Yet it may be that the way of life he has chosen for himself may have an ever-growing influence over his fellow men so that, long after his death perhaps, it may be realized that there lived in this age a very remarkable creature.

By now Larry has joined the group and has greeted Isabel and his friends. They move over to Mrs. Bradley.

MRS. BRADLEY
(giving Larry her hand)
You're very late, Larry.

LARRY
I'm sorry.

ELLIOTT
Evidently Larry hasn't learned that punctuality is the politeness of Kings.

As Larry smiles at Elliott's criticism, Mrs. Bradley turns to include Maugham in the group.

(CONTINUED)

2 (Cont.8)

MRS. BRADLEY
Mr. Maugham, this is Larry Darrell.

LARRY
Hello.

MAUGHAM
How do you do?

They shake hands.

ISABEL
He's a novelist, darling.

Cocktails are again being passed. Larry takes one. Isabel links her arm possessively in Larry's.

ISABEL
(to Maugham)
I may as well tell you that he's very stupid and uneducated. He knows nothing about anything except flying. But when he came back he looked so lovely in his uniform I camped on his doorstep until he consented to marry me. The competition was awful!

LARRY
(merely amused)
I hope you don't believe a word she says, Mr. Maugham. Isabel isn't a bad girl, really, but she's a terrible liar.

Isabel is about to say something when she sees her mother beckoning to her.

ISABEL
All right, Mother.
(as she goes)
Dinner -- come along.

MAUGHAM
I've seen you before.

LARRY
Oh - when?

MAUGHAM
I happened to have a job of work to do and I went to the library. I saw you when I went in early this morning, and when I went back after lunch you were still there.

(CONTINUED)

52

2 (Cont. 9)

LARRY
(with a grin)
To tell you the truth, I forgot about lunch.

MAUGHAM
I couldn't help admiring your power of concentration.

LARRY
(with a smile)
Well, it was that kind of a book.

As Maugham looks at him, curious, we hear Mrs. Bradley's voice.

MRS. BRADLEY
Let's sit down.

CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see the general business of putting down cocktail glasses, etc. Everybody moves toward the table.

3 GROUP SHOT AT TABLE - ISABEL, LARRY AND GRAY

They are taking their places at the table.

GRAY
(casually, to Larry)
Dad tells me you turned down that job in the office.

Isabel shoots a quick, startled glance at Larry.

ISABEL
Oh Larry, why have you done that?

LARRY
(casually)
I thought it over and - well, I figured I'd be a disappointment to Gray's father, so I decided I'd better refuse.

GRAY
I'm sorry, old man. It'd been swell, us working together.

Gray moves off to his place at table. We see the look of disappointment on Isabel's face. CAMERA PANS OVER to ELLIOTT, a few feet away, and from the grim expression on his face it is evident he has overheard the conversation.

DISSOLVE TO:

4 TABLE - CAMERA ON BOOM

Sophie and Maugham, Elliott and Mrs. Bradley still at the table. The other guests are dancing. The floor is crowded. Larry and Isabel are just dancing past the table.

LARRY
Hi, Brown Eyes! Looks as if tall, dark, and legal is standing you up tonight.

SOPHIE
(smiling at him)
I'd like to catch him trying it.

Larry laughs and dances out of scene with Isabel.

MAUGHAM
You're old friends?

SOPHIE
We grew up together. I used to play shortstop on his baseball team. We used to think we could lick any ten kids our size.

MAUGHAM
And could you?

SOPHIE
We tried.

They both laugh. Then suddenly Sophie sees someone off-scene. Her face lights up.

SOPHIE
Oh, here's my young man now.

She looks up eagerly as BOB MACDONALD comes in.

BOB
(as he spots them)
Oh, here you are.

SOPHIE
Hello.

BOB
Hello, Mrs. Bradley - Mr. Templeton.

As they greet him, Sophie introduces Maugham.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.)

SOPHIE
This is Mr. Maugham. Bob Macdonald.
(as Maugham and
Bob shake hands)
He's the one who seems to think he
wants to marry me.

Casually she re-ties Bob's tie as the dialogue continues.

BOB
(teasingly)
I can't see why, but there it is.
I just happen to be crazy about
the girl.

SOPHIE
I wouldn't like him to know, but
just between you and me I rather
like him myself.

Bob gives her a little formal, comic bow. She restrains her laughter and solemnly bows back. Maugham gives them a tolerant smile.

BOB
(to Sophie)
Dance?

Sophie gets up instantly.

SOPHIE
Excuse me.

He leads her to the dance floor and she goes into his arms. We follow them for a moment as they dance. Then we CUT TO ISABEL AND LARRY dancing near edge of floor. Casually Larry dances Isabel off the floor and leads her to a secluded spot out of view.

ISABEL
Why didn't you tell me that Mr.
Maturin had offered you a job?

Instead of answering her, he takes her in his arms and kisses her. She returns his kiss. The moment they break Isabel repeats her question.

ISABEL
Larry, why didn't you tell me that
Mr. Maturin had offered you a job?

4 (Cont. 1)

He kisses her again, but the thought is obviously in her mind and she breaks.

ISABEL
Answer me.

LARRY
Well, I thought I'd better not until I'd made up my mind one way or the other.
(after a pause)
Mad?

ISABEL
Darling, that's the horrible part about you. However aggravating you are, one can't really be mad with you.

LARRY
(smiling)
Can't they? Did you see the looks Uncle Elliott gave me at dinner?

ISABEL
Well, after all, Larry, a man must work, and the longer you put it off the harder it'll be.

LARRY
I've got a foolish notion I want to do more with my life than sell bonds.

ISABEL
Then go into a law office.

LARRY
I don't want to do that either.

She looks squarely at him.

ISABEL
What do you want to do then?

LARRY
I don't know. Loaf maybe.

ISABEL
Don't be funny! This is serious.

LARRY
I'm not being funny. I think it's very serious. I wouldn't make you miserable for anything.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont. 2)

ISABEL
But you are making me miserable. You see, I love you.

LARRY
And I love you, Isabel.

Again he takes her in his arms and they kiss. When they come out of the kiss she looks at him for a moment.

ISABEL
Larry, let's be sensible. A man must work. It's a matter of self-respect. This is a young country and it's a man's duty to take part in its activities. Why, Gray's father was saying only the other day that we're beginning an era that will make the past look like thirty cents. He said that he can see no limit to our progress, and that by 1930 we'll be the greatest and richest country in the whole world. Don't you think that's terribly exciting?

LARRY
Terribly.

ISABEL
There has never been such a chance for a young man. I'd have thought you'd be proud to be a part of it. It's such a wonderful adventure.

LARRY
I'm sure you're right, Isabel. The Armours and the Swifts will pack more and better meat, the McCormicks will make more and better harvesters, and Henry Ford will turn out more and better cars. And everybody will get richer and richer.

ISABEL
And what's wrong with that?

LARRY
Nothing. It just happens that sitting in an office and making a lot of money doesn't interest me as much as it should.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont.3)

ISABEL
Larry, don't talk like a fool! You can't live without money!

LARRY
I have a little. That's what gives me a chance to do what I want.

ISABEL
You're making it very difficult for me, Larry.

LARRY
I'm sorry, darling. I wouldn't if I could help it.

ISABEL
You can help it.

She turns away. He stands looking at her. Over his face comes a strange look. There is a long pause. Then Isabel turns back. Seeing the strange expression on his face, she looks at him inquiringly.

ISABEL
Yes?

LARRY
The dead look so terribly dead when they're dead.

ISABEL
What does that mean, exactly?

LARRY
Just that... You have a lot of time to think when you're up in the air by yourself. You get a lot of ideas.

ISABEL
What sort of ideas?

LARRY
Oh, all sorts. Vague - confused.

ISABEL
Don't you think if you took a job they might sort themselves out and then you'd know where you were?

LARRY
Yes, I've thought about that. I had an idea I'd like to work in a garage. I've always been keen about machinery.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont. 4)

ISABEL
(beginning to be annoyed)
Oh, Larry, people would think you were crazy!

LARRY
Would that matter?

ISABEL
To me, yes... Oh Larry darling, you're so different to what you were before you went away to France!

LARRY
(quietly)
A lot happened to me over there.

ISABEL
Are you terribly unhappy?

LARRY
No. The only thing that makes me unhappy is making you unhappy..... I don't think I'll ever find peace until I make up my mind about things. It's so difficult to put into words! The minute you try you feel embarrassed. You say to yourself, 'Who am I to bother my head about this, that, and the other? Wouldn't it be better to follow the beaten path and let what's coming to you come?' Then I think of a guy I knew. A minute before he was full of life and fun. Then he was dead. I saw many men die. But this one was different. It was the last day of the war. Almost the last moment. He could have saved himself. But he didn't. He saved me -- and died.
(pause)
So he's gone -- and I'm here, alive. Why? It's all so meaningless! You can't help but ask yourself what life's all about. Whether there's any sense to it, or whether it's just a - stupid blunder.

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont. 5)

ISABEL
(she has been
deeply moved)
I hardly know what to say. It's so unexpected. Do you think it would help if you went away for a while?

LARRY
I think perhaps it would.

ISABEL
Why don't you go then?

(CONTINUED)

4 (Cont. 5)

LARRY
Because of you.

ISABEL
Oh, Larry, let's be frank with each other. There's no place in your life for me just now.

LARRY
Does that mean you don't want to be engaged to me any more?

ISABEL
Oh no, foolish! It means that I'm prepared to wait.

LARRY
It might be a year - or even longer.

ISABEL
That doesn't matter. It might be less. Where have you thought of going?

LARRY
Well, I thought I'd start by going to Paris. I went there several times on leave. I don't know why, but I've got it into my head that there everything that's muddled in my mind would grow clear. It's a funny place. It gives you the feeling that you can think out your thoughts to the very end. I think over there I may be able to see my way before me.

ISABEL
And if you don't?

LARRY
(with a wry smile)
Then I'll give it up as a bad job, come back to Chicago, and take the first work I can get.

He reaches out for her and takes her in his arms.

LARRY
Darling...

ISABEL
Oh Larry, I love you - I love you so much.

As they kiss,

DISSOLVE TO:

4A INT. HALLWAY OF BRADLEY HOME IN CHICAGO - NIGHT

Elliott, Mrs. Bradley, and Maugham are just entering. The following dialogue occurs as they take off their coats and move toward the living room. We should feel that it is the continuation of a discussion. Elliott is quite disturbed.

ELLIOTT
I cannot for the life of me understand how Isabel could possibly prefer that young man to a fine chap like Gray. Oh, I grant you he's good looking and his clothes fit. But imagine -- an opportunity to go in with Gray and his father on the ground floor, and he throws it away - like that!
(he snaps his fingers)

MRS. BRADLEY
Elliott, please! I've told you a dozen times she is having it out with him one way or another tonight!

ELLIOTT
Well, I hope it's the other.

(By now they have got into position in the living room, in the sequence as already photographed, Scene 6.)

(NOTE: In connection with the above, we are also shooting a new entrance of Isabel into the room, as she endeavors to sneak upstairs. This will intercut with the material already photographed, Scene 6.)

5 HALLWAY - INT. BRADLEY HOME, SHOOTING TOWARD FRONT DOOR

We hear a key unlocking the front door. The door opens, revealing Isabel. She crosses toward the drawing room.

6 INT. DRAWING ROOM

(Note: During this and the succeeding scenes, Elliott's French Poodle, known as The Countess, wanders about the room, Elliott from time to time absently rubs the poodle's head, but we make no other point of the dog's presence.)

Mrs. Bradley, Elliott and Maugham look up in surprise as Isabel appears in the doorway.

MRS. BRADLEY
Why Isabel! Home so early?

ELLIOTT
Where's Larry?

ISABEL
Gone.

ELLIOTT
Did you have a talk with him?

ISABEL
Yes.

ELLIOTT
And may I venture to inquire the result?

ISABEL
He's going to Europe for awhile, and I've promised to wait for him.

MRS. BRADLEY
What in the world is he going to do in Europe?

ISABEL
Loaf.

ELLIOTT
Don't be ridiculous, Isabel!

ISABEL
That's what he told me.

(CONTINUED)

6 (Cont.)

ELLIOTT
Really, I have no patience with you! If you'd had any spirit you'd have broken off your engagement then and there.

ISABEL
What can I do? I love him.

She starts out of room.

ELLIOTT
That's just the sort of thing you run up against when young people are left to arrange their marriages on no better basis than mutual inclination.

During this speech Mrs. Bradley has quickly slipped into her shoes, and she now gets up and goes after Isabel.

7 HALLWAY

Isabel is half way up the stairs when Mrs. Bradley, who has come into the hallway, calls after her.

MRS. BRADLEY
I must say, Isabel, if he's prepared just to walk off and leave you like this he can't love you very much.

She starts up the steps toward Isabel.

ISABEL
(as she precedes her mother up the steps)
The thing that matters is that I love him very much.

MRS. BRADLEY
Even after what happened tonight?

ISABEL
Tonight has made me love him more than ever. Please don't worry about it. It won't hurt us to wait a little while.

MRS. BRADLEY
How can I help worrying? I'm not very young, and I'm not very strong. It's only natural that I should want to see your future assured.

(CONTINUED)

7 (Cont.)

Isabel's nerves are on edge and she shows a sudden flash of temper as they cross the hall to her door.

ISABEL
It's my future, isn't it?

Suddenly Isabel bursts into tears.

ISABEL
I'm glad he's going. I can't stand it like this any longer.

She starts into the room, then turns back for a moment.

ISABEL
He was so sweet and scatter-brained and gay before the war. It was wonderful just to be with him. But now - now ----

Sobbing, she turns and goes into the room. Mrs. Bradley stands in the door for a minute on the point of following her, but she thinks better of it, turns and goes back down the stairs. From the drawing room we now hear the SOUND of a piano being played.

8 INT. DRAWING ROOM

Elliott is seated at the piano, playing. Mrs. Bradley comes in, a worried frown on her face. Elliott has recovered his usual aplomb.

ELLIOTT
Well, things might be a great deal worse.

MRS. BRADLEY
(obviously upset)
I don't see how.

ELLIOTT
My poor Louisa, you have no imagination. When you're young your emotions are violent, but they're not durable. It's a delusion that absence makes the heart grow fonder. With Larry out of the way and Gray on the spot, I don't see why Isabel shouldn't marry him before the year's out.

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont.)

(Maugham is fixing himself a drink. During Elliott's speech his man Joseph has come in carrying a small tray on which is a glass of water. He goes over and stands unobtrusively at Elliott's elbow. Elliott, without interrupting his speech, without even a glance at Joseph, takes a small silver pillbox out of his pocket, selects a pill, and between words pops it into his mouth, takes a small swallow of water and continues with his speech. This is all done in a most casual way - obviously part of a routine.)

MRS. BRADLEY
You've been away from America too long, Elliott. You've forgotten that in this country a girl doesn't marry a man because her mother, or even her uncle, wants her to.

ELLIOTT
That's nothing to be proud of, Louisa. As a result of thirty years' experience, I may tell you that a marriage arranged with a proper regard to position and fortune has every advantage over a love match. In France, which after all is the only civilized country in the world, Isabel would marry Gray without thinking about it twice. Then, after a few months, if she was still in love with Larry ---

His voice trails off, leaving the suggestion unfinished.

MRS. BRADLEY
(with asperity)
That'll do, Elliott! I know what you're going to say, and the idea does not appeal to me.

Elliott wheels around on the piano bench and studies his rather staid sister, whose middle-class virtues must pain him.

ELLIOTT
That's one of the things I've never understood about you, Louisa. Though you've lived half your life in diplomatic society, in half the capitals of the world, you've remained hopelessly American.

(CONTINUED)

8 (Cont. 1)

MRS. BRADLEY
It's not often you pay me a compliment, dear.

ELLIOTT
It wasn't meant to be one.

MRS. BRADLEY
I know.

MAUGHAM
You're very full of worldly wisdom this evening, Elliott.

ELLIOTT
Have you ever known me not to be?

Elliott continues to play for a moment.

ELLIOTT
I don't mind telling you that I have a sneaking sympathy for the boy. He's young and he wants to sow his wild oats before he settles down to married life. Very natural and very proper.

MRS. BRADLEY
Don't be vulgar, Elliott.

Elliott gets up from the piano and moves over to draw the window curtains. Through the window we catch a glimpse of the lake.

ELLIOTT
I'll keep my eye on him in Paris.

CAMERA MOVES OUT AND UP INTO THE SKY.

MAUGHAM
What makes you think he wants to go to Paris?

DISSOLVE TO:

9 FOREDECK OF A TRAMP STEAMER AT SEA

ELLIOTT'S VOICE
(coming over)
Where else would he go? It's the only city in the world for a civilized man to live in. Of course he must cross on The Aquitania. I know the captain and he'll see that Larry sits at his table and meets the right people.

(CONTINUED)

9 (Cont.)

Larry is seated on a hatch cover, pipe in his mouth, watching a couple of sailors in soiled dungarees and sweatshirts wrestling. A mat has been stretched out on the deck and several dirty, greasy stokers are standing around, yelling and applauding. An amused, interested smile on Larry's face. It is Summer.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

10 INT. BISTRO IN THE MARKETPLACE IN PARIS

ELLIOTT'S VOICE
(over scene)
I'll look for an apartment for him in a really smart quarter. I'll do him proud. I'll give some parties for him. So many Americans when they go to Paris get in with the wrong people, and then they find it no end of a job to shake them off. I think the best thing I could do ...

(See following pink pages for ad lib French dialogue used in this shot)

Larry is seated at a table playing chess with a funny-looking old man. Another character, a kibitzer, stands near Larry. He studies the board for a moment, then leans down and says something to Larry. Larry's opponent turns on the old man with a burst of abusive language. Larry looks on with amusement. It is Fall.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

11 SIDEWALK BOOKSHOP

ELLIOTT'S VOICE
(coming over)
....would be to arrange for some older woman to take him under her wing - Princess Novemali, for instance. He's young and he has a good figure. I think she'd fall for him like a ton of bricks.

Larry browsing through the books. The stall is attended by an elderly woman. It is Winter now and there is snow on the gound. All is bleak and chilly. In the distance we see the spires of Notre Dame. Larry is bundled up in an overcoat.

(See following pink page A for additional shot)

DISSOLVE TO:

12 INT. AMERICAN EXPRESS PARIS OFFICE - DAY - SPRING

This is a corner of the Bureau where tourists call for their mail. Larry is at the mail cage.

(CONTINUED)

Added French Dialogue
Scene 10 - Int. Bistro - Page 24

Whispering is heard, then a voice out of camera angle speaks to the proprietress.

VOICE
Then, it's coming down, good mother!

VOICE
Alors, ça descend, la petite mere!

PROPRIETRESS
Yes!--it's good for customers.

PROPRIETRESS
Oh! Oui!--c'est bon pour les clients.

VOICE
That's all right. You're happy--you must sing a little.

VOICE
Ça va; vous êtes content--chantez donc quelque chose.

Proprietress leaves, singing.

PEASANT
A creme de menthe, Marie.

PEASANT
Un crême de menthe, Marie.

PROPRIETRESS
Yes, monsieur le Breton!

PROPRIETRESS
Oui, M. le Breton!

She goes to the door. KIBITZER walks in and bumps into her, and she says:

PROPRIETRESS
Still you--close the door.
(he comes in and she says)

PROPRIETRESS
Encore vous--fermez la porte.
(he comes in and she says)

Leave me...Leave me alone.

Laissez-moi...Laissez-moi tranquille.

Kibitzer goes around table and butcher says:

BUTCHER
That's enough, Big Fellow!

BUTCHER
Y en a mars, le patapouf!

KIBITZER
I didn't say anything.

KIBITZER
J'ai rien dit.

BUTCHER
Shut up!

BUTCHER
La ferme!

KIBITZER
One hears only you all the time.

KIBITZER
On n'entend que vous tout le temps.

BUTCHER
Nuts!

BUTCHER
Ta geule!

Kibitzer moves by the table, bends over, looks for a few minutes, then says into the ear of the Chess Player:

KIBITZER
He takes a long time for an American.

KIBITZER
Il en met du temps pour un Americain.

Kibitzer moves and speaks into the ear of LARRY:

KIBITZER
Take the castle...
(he immediately catches himself)
...the Queen with your Castle!

KIBITZER
Prenez la Tour...
(he immediately catches himself)
...La Reine avec votre Tour!

Larry looks at him and makes the move and the Chess Player says:

CHESS PLAYER
Oh, shut up! Leave me alone!
(calls to proprietress)
Why do you let such a bother come here!

CHESS PLAYER
Oh, Zut! Laissez-moi tranquille!
(calls to proprietress)
Pourquoi laissez t'on venir un crampon comme ça!

The following conversations of the CHESS PLAYER and the KIBITZER are said almost simultaneously:

CHESS PLAYER
(to Kibitzer)
If you had taken the money out of my pocket, you couldn't have been a bigger thief! It's a question of money... we are playing for a hundred francs... I don't know you.

CHESS PLAYER
(to Kibitzer)
Si vous preniez de l'argent dans ma poche vous ne seriez pas un plus grand voleur! C'est une question d'argent...on joue cent francs...je ne vous connais pas.

KIBITZER
(to Chess Player)
I don't have a chance to know you, but for an old man you are young and vigorous.

KIBITZER
(to Chess Player)
Je n'ai pas de chance de vous connaitre pour un vieillard, vous êtes jeune et vigoreux.

Additional Shot for
the Montage
Page 24

11-A EXTERIOR COUNTRY ROAD, AT INTERSECTION

ELLIOTT'S VOICE
If he wants to see a bit of the country, Marcel, my chauffeur, will take him out in the Rolls.

Larry comes along the road, pushing his bicycle. In the distance we see a church and a school. A French priest, accompanied by a group of children, comes down the road from the school. He greets Larry, who asks the direction to a certain place. The priest points in the direction Larry should take. Larry looks puzzled, then points to the road sign at the intersection, which indicates that his destination lies in the opposite direction to that indicated by the priest. The priest smiles, goes down to the sign and turns it around. Then he shakes an admonishing finger at the children, and they laugh and run off; evidently this is an old trick of theirs -- turning the sign around in order to confuse travelers. Larry smilingly looks after the children, bids the priest good day, and goes off down the road.

DISSOLVE TO:

52

12 (Cont.)

LARRY
Anything for Laurence Darrell?

The Clerk goes through the file and hands Larry a wireless with a note attached. The clerk has AMERICAN EXPRESS on cap.

(See following pink pages for added French and English dialogue used in this scene

CLERK
This wireless came day before yesterday.

Larry opens it and reads, then starts out.

LARRY
(excited - to second man at desk)
When does the boat train from the Aquitania arrive?

The Clerk consults a chart.

SECOND CLERK
Eleven thirty.

Larry glances at the clock on the wall. It is almost 11:30. He rushes out, calling his thanks back over his shoulder.

DISSOLVE TO:

13 EXT. AUTO ENTRANCE TO RAILROAD STATION, PARIS - DAY

A bus is just pulling up. Before it stops Larry jumps off and dashes up a few steps. Over this we hear Isabel's voice.

ISABEL'S VOICE
Larry!

He stops and looks down. We CUT TO ISABEL, ELLIOTT, AND MRS. BRADLEY with JOSEPH, Elliott's man, in the b.g. handling the luggage. They are just about to get into a limousine. Isabel is waving to him excitedly. Then she starts forward to meet him, as we CUT BACK TO LARRY on the steps.

LARRY
Isabel!

He hurries down to meet her and they go into each other's arms and kiss. He holds her close for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

Added French Dialogue
Scene 12, Page 26
Int. American Express

(The following dialogue is nondescript background, except where starred.)

CLERK
(in broken English)
American Express... Yes... Yes, we gave the order to the porter on the Blue Train from Cannes. We have them--six, yes... Yes, we'll send them to the hotel. I will write it down... Yes, madame.

CLERK

#Later, yes, mademoiselle.

#Plus tard, oui, mademoiselle.

(Over this background comes:)

LARRY
#When does the boat train from the Aquitania arrive?

The clerk consults a chart.

CLERK
#Eleven-thirty.

GIRL
Oh! You speak English?

GIRL
#Oh! Vous parlez Anglais?

CLERK
Yes, miss.

CLERK
#Oui, mademoiselle.

Added French Dialogue
Scene 12 - American Express - Page 25

A voice as on the phone.

Long distance? The 37 at Cannes, thank you.... Here is the American Express Office in Paris..... Mr. Dugast? One second please, Mr. Cavalier is talking.

L'interurbain? Le 37 à Cannes, merci... Ici le bureau de Paris de l'American Express, Monsieur Dugast? Une seconde, s'il vous plait, Monsieur Cavalier vous parle....

Second voice.

Good morning, Dugast, we have sold all the tickets for the event, could you reserve another half dozen loges.... Yes, they will pay the price for it, thank you.

Bonjour, Dugast, nous avons vendu tous les billets pour la fête, pouvez vous nous réserver encore une demi-douzaine de loges... Oui, ils paieront le prix qu'il faut... entendu, merci.

13 (Cont.)

ISABEL
(in a whisper)
Oh Larry, I've missed you -- I've missed you so much.

CAMERA SWINGS OVER TO Mrs. Bradley and Elliott. Elliott frowns with ill-concealed displeasure.

ELLIOTT
May I ask <u>how</u> he knew you were coming?

MRS. BRADLEY
Isabel cabled him from the ship.

ELLIOTT
Are they still engaged?

MRS. BRADLEY
So far as I know.

ELLIOTT
What about Gray Maturin?

MRS. BRADLEY
Still faithful.

ELLIOTT
(frowning at her)
I don't believe you've played your cards very well, Louisa.

MRS. BRADLEY
I never had much card sense, Elliott.

Larry and Isabel come in. Larry has lipstick on his face.

MRS. BRADLEY
Oh, Larry. How nice of you to come and meet us.

LARRY
Hello, Mrs. Bradley. It's swell seeing you again.

She holds up her cheek for his kiss.

LARRY
Hello, Mr. Templeton.

Elliott holds out a limp hand.

ELLIOTT
(polite, but none too cordial)
How do you do?

(CONTINUED)

13 (Cont. 1)

Isabel wipes off the lipstick which Elliott is regarding with displeasure.

ISABEL
Uncle Elliott, may Larry come along to dinner with us?

ELLIOTT
Larry's given me to understand that he doesn't dine out.

ISABEL
He will tonight. Won't you, Larry?

LARRY
I will.

ELLIOTT
It's very good of you, I'm sure. I shall be delighted....

ISABEL
(to her mother and Elliott)
We'll meet you at the house.

She takes Larry's arm possessively.

ISABEL
Come along, darling. I've got a million things to tell you.

And they move off, arm in arm. We watch them as they get into a taxicab, laughing, interested only in each other. Then we CUT BACK TO THE LIMOUSINE. Mrs. Bradley is already inside, and Elliott is just getting in.

ELLIOTT
I haven't a very good account to give you of that young man, Louisa. When he first came over to Paris, for Isabel's sake I asked him to lunch to meet the sort of people he ought to know, and he told me he didn't eat lunch.

MRS. BRADLEY
Perhaps he doesn't.

They are now inside limousine and it is moving.

52

13 (Cont. 2)

ELLIOTT
And then when I asked him to dinner, he said he couldn't come because he had no evening clothes. If I live to a hundred, I shall never understand how any young man could come to Paris without evening clothes.

MRS. BRADLEY
Maybe he just didn't want to.

ELLIOTT
That's the most incredible reason for refusing an invitation that I've ever heard in my life. And where does he live?

MRS. BRADLEY
I haven't a notion. Isabel writes to him at the American Express.

ELLIOTT
Like a traveling salesman or a school-teacher on vacation. My own belief is that he's living in the Latin Quarter with some bit who's no better than she ought to be.

MRS. BRADLEY
Rubbish!

ELLIOTT
Well, I've done my best. He might have had a brilliant future, if he'd taken advantage of his opportunities - opportunities, mind you, open to very few Americans because, believe me, the average American can get into Heaven a great deal more easily than into the Faubourg St. Germain.

MRS. BRADLEY
I'm afraid you'll have to write him off as one of your failures, Elliott.

ELLIOTT
It may surprise you to know it, my dear, but I have already done so.

DISSOLVE TO:

14 QUAI ON LEFT BANK - DAY -(SEVERAL WEEKS LATER)

An old woman is seated on the base of a piece of statuary in the f.g., her daughter beside her, selling flowers. On the sidewalk are children and others dressed in Spring outfits. In the b.g. is a sidewalk bookstall. Several people browsing here - a cure' in black robes, etc. The garrulous old Frenchwoman is handing Lilies of the Valley to Isabel and is telling her volubly in French that this is May Day and that this is a custom.

ISABEL (See following pink page for added French dialogue used in this scene)
(laughing as she takes the flowers)
She speaks so quickly I can't understand her.

LARRY
She's telling you it's an old French custom - everyone has to wear a sprig of Lilies of the Valley on May Day. They're a symbol of happiness.

ISABEL
(pressing flowers to her face)
They're lovely.

Larry pays the old woman and they move on.

ISABEL
May Day! Imagine it's being May! That means I've been here nearly a month!

She pins the lilies on her breast.

LARRY
(with a grin)
Impossible! It was only yesterday!

ISABEL
And I still don't know a thing about what you've been doing.

Larry doesn't answer. We know that he is deliberately avoiding the issue, but Isabel will not be put off.

ISABEL
Tell me, Larry. You must know I've been dying to know!

(CONTINUED)

Added French Dialogue
Scene 14 - On the Quai - Page 29

DAUGHTER
(to Old Flower Seller)
Isn't it nice...my basket?

OLD FLOWER SELLER
You'll have some luck, you'll have plenty of luck.
(to Isabel passing by with Larry)
Mademoiselle, mademoiselle, some lily of the valley?

ISABEL
Bon jour, madame.

OLD FLOWER SELLER
Bon jour, mademoiselle...this is real lily of the valley...it's the first of May...it's an old French custom...to have lily of the valley. This is a sprig of real lily of the valley...it will bring you luck.

ISABEL
(laughing as she takes the flowers)
She speaks so quickly I can't understand her.

LARRY
She's telling you it's an old French custom--everyone has to wear a sprig of lilies of the valley on May Day. They're a symbol of happiness.

ISABEL
(pressing flowers to her face)
They're lovely.

OLD FLOWER SELLER
(to Larry as he pays her)
Thank you, sir.
(as Larry and Isabel walk off)
God bless you!

DAUGHTER
(to Old Flower Seller)
C'est qu'il est beau...mon panier?

OLD FLOWER SELLER
Tu vas avoir du bonheur, tu vas en avoir.
(to Isabel passing by with Larry)
Mademoiselle, mademoiselle, some lily of the valley?

ISABEL
Bon jour, madame.

OLD FLOWER SELLER
Bon jour, mademoiselle...du vrai muguet...C'est le premier mai... c'est une vieille coutume Française...d'avoir du muguet c'est un brin de vrai muguet... vous portera bonheur.

ISABEL
(laughing as she takes the flowers)
She speaks so quickly I can't understand her.

LARRY

OLD FLOWER SELLER
(to Larry as he pays her)
Merci, monsieur.
(as Larry and Isabel walk off)
Que le Bon Dieu vous benisse.

14 (Cont.)

LARRY
Oh, nothing really very exciting. I've traveled around -- read a lot -- gone to lectures at the Sorbonne, and so forth.

This is obviously not a satisfactory answer to Isabel. When she speaks there is a slight bite in her voice.

ISABEL
Have you found that peace of mind you were looking for?

LARRY
No. But for the first time I'm beginning to see things in a clear light.

ISABEL
What does that mean?

Again he tries to put her off.

LARRY
It's very difficult to explain -- and if I try to I'm sure you'll only be angry with me.

ISABEL
And how much longer do you think all this is going to take you?

LARRY
I don't know. It's hard to say.

ISABEL
And after that? What are you going to do with all this wisdom?

Suddenly a boyish smile comes over his face.

LARRY
If I ever acquire wisdom, I suppose I'll be wise enough to know what to do with it.

She looks at him for a moment, puzzled and dismayed.

ISABEL
Do you know what Uncle Elliott says?

(CONTINUED)

14 (Cont. 1)

LARRY
Nothing to my credit, I imagine.

ISABEL
(with a suspicious twinkle in her eye)
He says you've got a cozy little hideout somewhere.

LARRY
(with a smile)
Come and see for yourself.
(as he leads her away)
The cozy little hideout is only a step from here.

As they move off,

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

15 LOBBY OF LARRY'S HOTEL - DAY - SPRING

Again the concierge and his wife are behind the desk. Larry comes in with Isabel. The concierge and his wife look at her approvingly as they cross to the desk.

LARRY
Ma clef, s'il vous plait.

CONCIERGE
Oui, Monsieur.

LARRY
Madame Duval - this is Mademoiselle Bradley.

WIFE
(in French)
Ah, Mademoiselle! Good afternoon.

LARRY
And Monsieur Jacques Duval.

ISABEL
(in French)
Good afternoon.

JACQUES
From Chicago?

LARRY
(laughing as they go off)
Right.

WIFE
Ah, Monsieur! Now you forgot about this philosophy, n'est-ce pas?

As Larry laughs, the concierge and his wife lean across the desk and look at Isabel admiringly. Another resident of the hotel is coming down the steps. He, too, looks up at Isabel approvingly, enviously.

ISABEL
(in a whisper)
Did you see the looks they gave me?

LARRY
Ruined my character, that's what you've done.

(CONTINUED)

(See following pink page for added French dialogue used in this scene)

Added French Dialogue
Scene 15, Page 31
LOBBY OF LARRY'S HOTEL

LARRY
Ruined my character, that's what you've done.

GIRL
(to boy at phone; looks at Isabel's hat, takes her hat off and puts it on in front same way as Isabel's)
How is it?
(she walks to counter)
Do you like my hat like this? It's chic like this.

MADAME DUVAL
It is chic.

JACQUES DUVAL
It's the American fashion.

GIRL
(walking back to phone quickly)
What--nobody has answered you yet? Ring again! Oh, but what service. Quickly!

LARRY
Ruined my character, that's what you've done.

GIRL
(to boy at phone; looks at Isabel's hat, takes her hat off and puts it on in front same way as Isabel's)
Ça va?
(she walks to counter)
Vous aimez mon chapeau comme ça? C'est chic comme ça.

MADAME DUVAL
C'est chic.

JACQUES DUVAL
C'est la mode Americaine.

GIRL
(walking back to phone quickly)
Mais est ce qu'on pas encore repondu? Sonne le encore! Oh, mais quel service. Plus vite!

DISSOLVE

15 (Cont.)

There is a door leading off a small landing at the top of the stairway. Larry opens the door, revealing the room, and Isabel goes in followed by Larry.

16 INT. LARRY'S ROOM

Larry and Isabel come in and he closes the door. She stands looking at the room while he crosses and opens a shutter, letting in more light. There is a look of horror on her face as she sees the room with its unmade bed, small window looking out on a small courtyard, dingy glass curtains, a coal heater, electric light cord dangling from an overhead chandelier, disordered papers, typewriter, books, etc. There is a long silence. We see the shock it is to her.

ISABEL
This is where you live?

He chuckles at the look on her face.

LARRY
Don't you like it?

ISABEL
It's awfully sordid.

LARRY
It's all right. It's convenient. How about a cup of coffee?

16 (Cont.)

While Isabel moves over to the bed and starts to straighten it, Larry goes to the cupboard and during the following scene brings out a can of condensed milk, a can of coffee, and couple of cups. There is a can of Sterno on the table with a coffee pot on it, and he makes coffee.

ISABEL
Oh Larry, how can you bear to sit here in a backwash when America is living through the most glorious adventure the world has ever known? You've been away a year now -- a whole year out of your life. You just can't go on loafing forever--
(looking at him quizzically)
-- or can you?

LARRY
(with a grin)
It's possible.

ISABEL
But what about me? Am I of no importance to you at all?

LARRY
You're of great importance to me. I love you, Isabel. I want you to marry me.

ISABEL
When? In ten years?

LARRY
No. Now. As soon as possible.

ISABEL
On what?

LARRY
I've got three thousand dollars a year.

ISABEL
(shocked)
Oh Larry....

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.1)

LARRY
Lots of people live on a great deal less.

ISABEL
But I don't want to live on three thousand a year. I never have and I don't see why I should.

LARRY
We could go down to Capri for our honeymoon. Then in the fall we could go to Greece. Remember how we used to talk about traveling all over the world together?

ISABEL
Of course I want to travel, but not like that. Cheap restaurants, third-rate hotels... Besides, I want to have babies, Larry.

LARRY
(grinning)
Okay. We'll take them along with us.

ISABEL
You're so impractical, Larry. You don't know what you're asking me to do. I'm young -- I want to have fun -- do all the things people do. We wouldn't have a friend in the world.

LARRY
Oh, Isabel, stop exaggerating! We'll do everything you want to do and we'll do it together.

ISABEL
Listen, darling. If you didn't have a cent to your name and got a job that brought you three thousand a year, I'd marry you without a moment's hesitation. I'd cook for you - I'd make beds - I wouldn't care what I wore. I'd think it was fun because I'd know it was only a question of time before you'd make good. But this means living all our lives with nothing to look forward to. It's asking too much.
(puts her arms around him)
Oh, Larry, you've had your fling now. For your own sake, I beg you to come home with us.

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.2)

LARRY
(with great sincerity)
I wouldn't make you happy if I did... What you forget is that I want to learn as passionately as -- well, as Gray, for instance, wants to make a lot of money. I came over here because I was restless and my mind was muddled. I came looking for the answers to a lot of questions. Some of them I found -- others I may never find. But I can't stop now. I know that sounds vague and trivial compared with everything that's going on at home today, and I know I'm being very difficult, but I can't stop now, Isabel -- I just can't.

ISABEL
But what would happen to America if everyone did as you're doing?

LARRY
The answer to that is that everyone doesn't feel as I do. Fortunately for themselves, most people are content to follow the normal course and take things as they are. I wish I could too -- but I know if I tried I'd only make a mess of your life -- and mine, too.

ISABEL
But what's it all going to lead to?

LARRY
(with the 'dead-look-so-awfully-dead' look)
I don't know...It may be that when I'm through I shall have found something to give that people will be glad to take. It's only a chance, but if I fail I shan't be any worse off than a man who has gone into business and hasn't made a go of it.

Long Pause.

(CONTINUED)

16 (Cont.3)

ISABEL
Well, I guess there's nothing more to be said.
(takes off ring, hands it to him -- tears in her eyes)
Here you are.

LARRY
Can't you wear it on another finger? Please...We're still friends.

ISABEL
Of course.

She goes over and picks up her hat and his.

ISABEL
Shall we go?

They go out the door.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

17 ELLIOTT'S DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT - FULL SHOT

The room has distinction. It is exquisitely furnished in the very best taste and we are seeing it to the best advantage. Elliott and Mrs. Bradley are seated at a small table playing backgammon. Joseph comes in noiselessly with a couple of glasses of Sherry on a small tray. He puts them in front of Elliott and Mrs. Bradley and CAMERA FOLLOWS him as he moves about the room turning on a light here, drawing curtains, etc., all of which gives us an opportunity to get a good look at the room, which is a violent contrast to the sordidness of Larry's place.

ELLIOTT
Well, I must say Isabel's taking it very well. Has she told you exactly what happened?

MRS. BRADLEY
Only that she and Larry talked it over and came to the conclusion they'd made a mistake.

ELLIOTT
Has she written to Gray?

MRS. BRADLEY
I wouldn't know. I am not in the habit of opening her mail.

ELLIOTT
If you ask me, she's very well out of it.

Mrs. Bradley looks at him but makes no comment.

ELLIOTT
Of course there's no doubt there was a strong physical attraction but that's all.

He breaks off as Isabel comes into the room. She is wearing a very beautiful - and daring - evening dress. She gives her mother and Elliott a bright smile as she goes to a table on which there is a cigarette box from which she takes several cigarettes.

ISABEL
(as she puts these in her own small case)
Hello, who's winning?

(CONTINUED)

17 (Cont.)

MRS. BRADLEY

I am.

Isabel smiles and crosses to them.

(CONTINUED)

17 (Cont.)

ISABEL
Goodnight, mother.

She leans over and kisses Mrs. Bradley on the cheek.

MRS. BRADLEY
Goodnight, darling. Don't be too late. Remember we have to catch the boat train in the morning.

ELLIOTT
(giving Isabel a searching look)
You're very dressed up. You seem to be going somewhere.

ISABEL
Yes.

ELLIOTT
Where?

ISABEL
Nowhere in particular. Larry and I are going out on the town.

ELLIOTT
Larry!

ISABEL
We thought we'd like to spend our last night together.

ELLIOTT
Evening, I trust you mean.
(as she laughs)
I'm profoundly shocked. If he had any sense of decency, he'd never have asked you.

ISABEL
(pausing at the door)
But he didn't ask me. I asked him.

ELLIOTT
You should forbid her to go, Louisa.

MRS. BRADLEY
(to Isabel)
Will you pay any attention if I do, Isabel?

(CONTINUED)

17 (Cont. 1)

ISABEL
No, darling, none.

MRS. BRADLEY
In that case there doesn't seem to be much point in my forbidding it.

Isabel laughs as she goes out. They resume the game.

ELLIOTT
Pretty dress she had on. I hadn't realized it was cut quite so low.

Mrs. Bradley looks up at him quickly.

18 FOOT OF STAIRWAY - ELLIOTT'S APARTMENT

Larry, in a dark suit, is looking up. The hall is brilliantly lit. Isabel comes running down the stairs, a big smile on her face.

LARRY
I've never seen you so beautiful.

She takes his hand and, without a word, leads him out, both eager and excited.

DISSOLVE TO:

19 CLOSE SHOT - A FRENCH WOMAN IN A NIGHT CLUB

singing a romantically popular song of the period. CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a glittering, brightly-lighted place. Larry and Isabel are seated at a ringside table. A waiter is just putting another table very close to theirs and a noisy party stands waiting for the table. On the table in front of Isabel and Larry are cocktail glasses.

(See following pink pages for additional French dialogue used in this scene)

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

20 CLOSE SHOT - A RUSSIAN GIRL IN A SECOND NIGHT CLUB

singing. Balalaikas are playing behind her. CAMERA PULLS BACK and we see that this is a quiet place in contrast to the French Club. There are candles in bottles on the tables - all the usual trappings of a Russian cafe. At a corner table sit Larry and Isabel. They listen in silence.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

Added French Dialogue
Scene 19, Page 39
INT. FIRST NIGHT CLUB

WOMAN
That's an awful woman....I told her....

ESCORT
Then you want a scandal!

WOMAN
That I don't care...
(to other woman)
If it weren't for my son...I should have killed you... So you spend money of my husband's...My money! My money has bought you what you are wearing! (etc., ad lib)

MAN
It happens in Spain all the time!

ESCORT
Oh yes? I don't speak Spanish.

WOMAN
Cette femme est épouvantable...Je l'ai prévenu....

ESCORT
Alors tu veux un scandale!

WOMAN
Ça je m'en fout....
(to other woman)
Si ce n'etait pas pour mon fils... J'aurais du vous tuer... Alors, vous dépensez l'argent de mon mari... Mon argent! Mon argent a acheté tout ce que vous portez! (etc., ad lib)

MAN
Sucide en España todo el tiempo!

ESCORT
Ah oui? Je ne parle pas l'espagnol.

LATER THE WOMAN IS SPEAKING.

WOMAN
If she had taken care of him decently, it would have been different.

KELLY GOES.

OTHER MAN
Colette, please be calm!

WOMAN
She found somebody else...and she left him...

ESCORT
Why do you care so much?

WOMAN
He is still drinking all the time...Anyone can pick him up and do anything with him... I'm the only one who can hold him...
(to other man)
Try to find where she left him...

WOMAN
Si elle s'etait occupée de lui comme il faut, cela aurait eté different...

OTHER MAN
Colette, je vous en prie, calmez-vous!

WOMAN
Elle a fait une autre trouvaille... elle l'a plaqué.

ESCORT
Pourquoi vous en occupez-vous encore?

WOMAN
Mais c'est qu'il est toujours en train de boire; n'importe qui peut le ramasser et en faire n'importe quoi... je suis la seule qui puisse le tenir...
(to other man)
Essaie de découvrir quand elle l'a laissé...

OTHER MAN

I'll try.

ESCORT

You should forget him -- that's the truth!

OTHER MAN

Je vais essayer.

ESCORT

Tu devrais l'oublier...voilà la vérité!

52

21 CLOSE SHOT - BRICK TOP, A COLORED SINGER, IN A THIRD NIGHT CLUB

Behind her is a colored orchestra. The negroes wear fezzes. They are playing hot jazz. CAMERA AGAIN PULLS BACK to disclose Isabel and Larry dancing together, cheek to cheek. We go in to BIG HEAD CLOSEUPS of them. We realize how stirred, how violently attracted they are to each other.

LARRY
I'm going to miss you terribly.

ISABEL
Are you?

She looks at him. His face reveals how great is his desire for her.

ISABEL
(caught by the same passion)
Oughtn't you to be taking me home?

She turns abruptly, and they move off.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 HALLWAY OF ELLIOTT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CAMERA, ON A BOOM, IS SHOOTING FROM THE TOP OF THE STAIRS. At the far end of the hallway near the door are two figures, Larry and Isabel. She is in his arms and they are kissing. CAMERA MOVES DOWN until it comes CLOSE to them. They break apart.

ISABEL
Won't you come up and have one last drink?

LARRY
I'd love it.

They start off and CAMERA GOES WITH them as they go up the steps, Larry's arm around her waist. She leans against him. Without another word they go into Elliott's Drawing Room.

23 INT. DRAWING ROOM

It is dark here - except for a table lamp. As soon as Larry and Isabel come in she goes into his arms and he kisses her. They break and, still without a word, Isabel slips off her coat. Then she goes back into his

(CONTINUED)

23 (Cont.)

arms and he kisses her again. After a moment she draws back. Then as he leans forward to kiss her again she suddenly, almost violently, pushes him away.

ISABEL
It's late. You'd better go.

Larry looks at her in amazement.

LARRY
No.

ISABEL
Please! For Heaven's sake go!

But Larry doesn't go. Instead he takes her in his arms, kisses her. Almost violent, she pushes him away, crosses to the door and throws it open.

LARRY
(again trying to take her in his arms)
Isabel, I'm not going!

We feel that he is almost ready to give up, do as she has wished.

LARRY
Darling, I ---

ISABEL
(her voice harsh and imperative)
Please, Larry!

And she almost pushes him out of the door. Then she closes the door and leans against it, exhausted. Elliott, in dressing gown, quietly enters from the Library. He stands for a moment looking at Isabel.

ELLIOTT
A brilliant performance, my dear.

Startled, she whirls around.

ISABEL
(annoyed)
I didn't know you made a habit of peeking through keyholes.

(CONTINUED)

23 (Cont. 1)

ELLIOTT
I don't. I left the door just a little open.

ISABEL
You think you're very clever, don't you?

ELLIOTT
I don't think it, I know it. Come, come, child, be reasonable. I guessed you were up to something. Even your poor mother noticed the pains you went to to make yourself alluring tonight.

ISABEL
You're hateful.

ELLIOTT
But no fool, my angel. Am I right in surmising that you thought if you could get him to come back here, it was almost inevitable that the inevitable should happen?

ISABEL
No one could put it more delicately.

ELLIOTT
We know what the consequences may be when a poor girl strays from the narrow path of virtue.

ISABEL
Do we?

(CONTINUED)

23 (Cont. 2)

[redacted]

ELLIOTT
My guess is that if your unscrupulous plan had come off, it wouldn't have been long after your return to Chicago before the wretched Larry got a letter from you telling him to come back at once and make an honest woman of you.

ISABEL
You can be wonderfully disagreeable when you like, Uncle Elliott.

ELLIOTT
I know. It's one of my most cherished gifts.
(curiously)
Why didn't you go through with it?

ISABEL
When I looked into his eyes and saw he hadn't the slightest idea I'd set a trap for him, I couldn't bring myself to play such a dirty trick... I couldn't help myself. I suppose it was my better nature.

[redacted]

ELLIOTT
Nonsense. It was your sound Middle-Western horse sense. You'd have been mad to marry him.

ISABEL
(very quietly)
I wonder.....

ELLIOTT
(moving over toward window)
Believe me, when you've put the Atlantic between you and that young man, you won't care two straws for him. Trust your Uncle Elliott. He's a very wise old party.

DISSOLVE TO:

24 DRAWING ROOM - BRADLEY HOME - DAY -- ~~(ALREADY SHOT)~~

CAMERA ON BOOM, MOVING DOWN. The room is crowded with well-dressed people, chattering, drinking champagne, etc. CAMERA PICKS UP Isabel, in bride's dress, greeting her friends, and FOLLOWS HER ACROSS to a large wedding cake where Gray, in morning suit, is waiting for her. They are surrounded by young people, bridesmaids and groomsmen. With much laughter and ad lib dialogue, Isabel and Gray start to cut the cake together, his hand and hers holding the knife. Just on the edge of the group we find Maugham and Elliott. They turn and we FOLLOW them as they walk from the Drawing Room into the Conservatory.

ELLIOTT
You know, I have never been able to understand why, when there's so much space in the world, people should deliberately choose to live in the Middle West.

Maugham smiles. By now Elliott and Maugham have wandered into the Conservatory, which has been stripped of its furniture to make room for tables, on which the wedding gifts are spread out. Through the glass of the Conservatory we can see a bit of the lake beyond.

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont.)

Several other guests are strolling here looking at the presents; also a couple of private detectives. Elliott picks up a pickle fork and looks at it in amazement.

ELLIOTT
What in heaven's name is this? Is it alone? Doesn't it come with something? What is it?

MAUGHAM
It could be a pickle fork.

ELLIOTT
(stabbing with the fork)
A pickle fork!
(setting it down)
Two ninety-eight, no doubt - from Ye Gift Shoppe.
(a deep sigh)

A young couple standing with their back to Elliott and Maugham admiring the presents look around, and we recognize Sophie and Bob McDonald. Sophie wears a very simple, inexpensive dress, and Bob is in a plain business suit.

SOPHIE
(with a smile, not at all put out; only amused)
Four fifty, Mr. Templeton - from Obendorfer's. We know, because we sent it.

Maugham's eyes twinkle in amusement at this predicament Elliott has got himself into, but Elliott is unperturbed.

ELLIOTT
Charming. Is it for use or ornament?

MAUGHAM
(to Sophie, to cover up Elliott's faux pas)
Do you remember me? We met the last time I was in Chicago.

SOPHIE
I most certainly do, Mr. Maugham.

(CONTINUED)

52

24 (Cont. 1)

ISABEL'S VOICE
Sophie, darling!

Isabel and Gray come in, Isabel carefully holding up her long veil.

ISABEL
How sweet of you and Bob to come.

She holds her face for Sophie to kiss.

SOPHIE
You look beautiful, Isabel.

BOB
(grinning)
Like a million dollars. Or should I say twenty millions?
(shaking hands with Gray)
Congratulations, old man.

GRAY
Thanks. I never thought I'd get her, but I did.

They all laugh.

ISABEL
(to Sophie)
Darling, we never see you and Bob any more. Where in the world do you hide yourselves?

Sophie links her arm in her husband's. The strong attachment between these two is very apparent.

SOPHIE
(smiling, very gay and debonair)
Just at present, for reasons best known to ourselves, we don't mix with the rich.

BOB
It's too expensive.

GRAY
How's the kid, Bob?

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont. 2)

BOB
Fine.

He reaches in his pocket to bring out a snapshot of the baby.

SOPHIE
(laughing)
Please, darling - not now!

BOB
(putting picture back in pocket)
Okay.

They all laugh.

ISABEL
(to Sophie)
I'd love to come in to see you. Where do you live now?

SOPHIE
In a walk-up apartment on the North Side. I'd ask you and Gray to dinner, only I'm afraid you wouldn't care for my cooking.

BOB
Don't you believe her. She's the best darned cook in Chicago.

All laugh. CAMERA PICKS UP Elliott and Maugham on their course around the room, inspecting the presents.

ELLIOTT
(looking off at Gray and Isabel)
All's well that ends well, and I must say they make a very attractive couple.

MAUGHAM
(with a sly look at Elliott)
I hope they'll be happy.

ELLIOTT
(looking at him)
Why shouldn't they be happy? They have everything to make them happy. Money. Position. A nice house. And Gray's father can't live forever.

(CONTINUED)

24 (Cont. 3)

MAUGHAM
What about Larry? Have you heard anything about him lately?

ELLIOTT
Good heavens, no! As soon as Louisa and Isabel went away, I dropped him like a hot potato. A most undesirable young man.

MAUGHAM
I tried to find him the last time I was in Paris, but I couldn't. I wonder what's happened to him.

ELLIOTT
Shall I tell you something, my dear feller? I don't care a row of beans.

By this time Elliott and Maugham are standing near the window looking over the lake and CAMERA PANS SLIGHTLY FROM THEM AND OUT OVER THE LAKE - Sunshine - Summer - as we

DISSOLVE TO:

25 HEAVY, BLACK STORM CLOUDS

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

26 COAL CAR

The coal on the car fills the whole screen. As it starts to move out CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a series of small coal trucks leading into our main MINE set. Smoke shadows-- the first drops of rain falling. There is a jam of miners in the b.g. where the tram pinches in some of the men at the main gate. CAMERA MOVES IN CLOSER to pick up Larry in the jam. He is as grimy and dirty as the others. He laughs as he squeezes himself against the gate to let the car pass. Then he comes forward, putting a cigarette in his mouth as he comes. He lights a match, gives a light to another miner, as we

CUT TO:

27 INT. BISTRO

We are SHOOTING OVER an oblong table, the narrow end of which faces the window. Seated on the end of the table is a big Pole, KOSTI, looking out of the window. From his point of view we see on the PROCESSED PLATE Larry leave the man whose cigarette he has just lighted, and come toward

(CONTINUED)

(See following pink pages for additional ad lib lines in French used in this scene)

Added French Dialogue
Scene 27, Page 48
INT. LENS BISTRO

WAITRESS
It doesn't bother me when it rains, I can never go out.... I work all the time...but I love it.

WAITRESS
Cela ne m'ennuie pas quand il pleut, je ne peux jamais sortir... je travaille toujours...mais j'aime cela.

(later Kosti slaps her)

Scamp!

Polisson!

FOLLOWING FRENCH BACKGROUND BY MINERS - AD LIB

ARNOLD
Qu'est ce que vous pensez de la partie de football?

DUVAL
Quelle match? Lens Valenciennes ou bien Lille Roubaix?

CAMLIN
(very surprised)
Mais naturallement, Lens Valenciennes.

ARNOLD
(à Duval)
Non, mais t'es pas fou.

DUVAL
Pourquoi mais Lillè Roubaix c'est le grand match de la saison.

ARNOLD
Demande à Marcel.

CELESTIN
C'est une bonne blague.

MARCEL
Tu te rends compte! Moi, je fais partie de l'equipe de Lens. Je suis le gardien de but.

(everybody laughs)

DUVAL
Oui. Tu fais parti des amateurs.

LAURENT
Vous m'embetez avec le football. Le Tour de France c'est bien plus chouette.

ARNOLD
Tu nous la courres avec t'es velos. Le football ça cela compte.

CELESTIN
La Tour de France c'est pas mal.

CAMLIN
Tu dis cela a cause deBottechia.

LAURENT
Moi, j'aime mieux Franz out Pelissier.

MARCEL
Oh, ça vai Laissez-moi vous dire cé que c'est que le football. On est là. Onze type de chaque cote. Un coup de sifflet. Et bon..... et bon partie commence.

27 (Cont.)

the bistro. Kosti shifts over toward the door and as Larry comes in he reaches out and catches his arm.

KOSTI
Larry! Come here!

Outside there is a growing feeling of storm, rain, dust, and the PROCESSED PLATE progressively becomes deserted.

KOSTI
(leading Larry to table)
How about a beer?

LARRY
I'd like to wash up first.

KOSTI
Oh, come on. It's good clean dirt. You can wash later.

Larry laughs and they sit down.

KOSTI
I looked for you last night. You were out.
(nudging him -- with a sly glint in his eye)
Was she pretty?

LARRY
(laughing)
You're wrong. I went to a lecture at the University -- missed the last bus and had to walk back in the rain.

KOSTI
Serves you right!
(with devilish sarcasm)
Enlightenment is the curse of civilization. A man who wastes his energy on knowledge is a fool! The more he learns the more he wants, and the more unhappy he becomes. Tear down the school houses! Burn the books! Strangle the teachers! Then the world will get somewhere... Which reminds me, I'm thirsty.

He pounds on the table and yells off to the waitress:

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont. 1)

KOSTI
A couple of beers, sweetheart -- and a deck of cards!
(to Larry)
We'll play for the drinks.

(Throughout the foregoing, Larry is very amused. Obviously he and Kosti have had many meetings and this is a continuation of a prolonged argument.)

KOSTI
(to Larry)
Why should a man who wants to develop his brain, work in a coal mine? Answer me that. You could have gotten a soft job on the surface.

LARRY
I wanted to work below.

The waitress comes in with the drinks and a deck of old French playing cards. Kosti starts to shuffle the cards. (They play the old seven card rummy.)

KOSTI
Oh, hiding out, are you? Police after you?

LARRY
No.

KOSTI
(with an evil glint)
A woman?

Larry hesitates a moment, grins.

LARRY
I thought it would do me good to work up a sweat.

KOSTI
(after a pause, while they play)
What have the other Poles told you about me?

LARRY
(grinning)
Not much. They advised me not to play cards with you because you cheat.

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont.2)

KOSTI
Do you think that's true?

LARRY
(smiling)
I know it is.

KOSTI
Then why do you play with me?

LARRY
For the fun of it. I've been watching you for days, and I can't see how it's done.

KOSTI
You never will, my boy.

LARRY
I shouldn't have thought it worth your while, just for the price of a few drinks.

KOSTI
(as he expertly flips over a card)
I like to keep my hand in.

Larry is losing as usual. Kosti is pleased at this minor triumph. They drink.

KOSTI
What are you going to do when you get enough of this? Go back to America?

LARRY
I will, I suppose, one of these days.

KOSTI
And do what?

LARRY
(with a grin)
Sell bonds.

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont.3)

KOSTI
(laughing)
You're a rum one, Larry.
(starts to deal the cards again)
But what about the answers to all those profound questions you've been asking yourself?
(he leans across the table close to Larry)
Don't you know people have been asking those same questions for thousands of years?

LARRY
Doesn't the fact that people have been asking these questions for thousands of years only go to prove that they can't help asking them?

KOSTI
(forced to laugh)
Very good! Very good! You're not altogether stupid. As a matter of fact, you sound to me like a very religious man who doesn't believe in God.

LARRY
I'm not sure I believe in anything.

KOSTI
(casually, staring at his beer)
Have you ever thought of going to the East?

LARRY
No.

KOSTI
India, for instance. I went. I met a strange man there. A man I never thought to meet in this world. A saint. People go from all parts of India to see him, to tell him their troubles, ask his advice and listen to his teaching. And they go away strengthened in soul and at peace. But it is not his teaching that is so remarkable. It's the man himself.

LARRY
Did he help you?

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont. 4)

KOSTI
No. But that wasn't his fault.
(with ironic bitterness)
It was mine.

LARRY
How on earth did you ever come to go to India?

KOSTI
(he stops playing)
To escape my pursuer. He followed me there. I've wallowed in the gutters of half the seaports of Europe to put Him off my track. He was waiting for me. I know that however far I flee, one day He will come up with me and I shall feel that terrible hand on my shoulder.

LARRY
Wouldn't it be better to face the issue and take your punishment?

KOSTI
(glaring at Larry)
Ah, but you don't know what that punishment is! It's not prison or the hangman's rope. I could face that. It's mercy, forgiveness, love.

Larry stares at him in amazement.

KOSTI
Didn't anybody ever tell you that I am an unfrocked priest?

LARRY
Kosti!

KOSTI
It's not the police I'm running away from. I'd kill anyone who tried to arrest me. It's God! God!
(harshly, throwing down his hand)
Get out, you fool! I'm going to get drunk!

(CONTINUED)

27 (Cont. 5)

Larry looks at him for a moment, then gets up and exits. We STAY on Kosti for a moment. He looks out the window at Larry. Larry stops and looks back at him. A flash of lightning illuminates his face for a moment. We COME BACK INTO the bistro for one final SHOT of the window with Kosti to one side, the window resembling the Indian arch in the Ashrama. By this time it is raining heavily. There is another blinding flash of lightning.

DISSOLVE TO:

28 SNOW-CLAD MOUNTAINS AGAINST THE SKY

- the mountains magnificent and arresting in their grandeur and solitude. As CAMERA PULLS SLOWLY BACK we see that we are looking at the mountains through an opening of a wall in a compound somewhere in India. Two students go PAST CAMERA conversing in their native dialect. One wears traditional native robes; the other an old white linen suit and horn-rimmed glasses. They carry a couple of books under their arms. By now CAMERA HAS PULLED BACK FAR ENOUGH

(CONTINUED)

(See following green page for added native dialogue used in this scene)

Added Hindustani Dialogue

Scene 28, Page 53A

COMPOUND - INDIA

28 SNOW CLAD MOUNTAIN AGAINST THE SKY - COMPOUND - INDIA - DAY

Students are offering gifts to the Holy Man, who blessed them. As the Holy Man walks away from them, one Disciple addresses him.

TRANSLATION	HINDUSTANI DIALOGUE
DISCIPLE Will you lecture to them today?	DISCIPLE Kyar ap aaj vukhyan karogay?
Holy Man nods. Interval:	
DISCIPLE It will be the subject you spoke of yesterday?	DISCIPLE Bohee vukhyan jo apney kal keya tah?
Holy Man nods again. Interval:	
DISCIPLE That's final? I will make arrangements.	DISCIPLE Usca b'n dobust kardia heh.
Holy Man grunts agreement.	

28 (Cont.)

for us to see the compound - an extremely large room - plain, simple, austere, stripped of all non-essentials. The walls are whitewashed. The floor is made of wide clean, scrubbed boards in which we see knotholes and the marks of nails. The only furniture in the room is a large table of bleached pine with long benches on either side. The whole effect of the room is monastic simplicity, cleanliness, peacefulness. Shadows falling across the scene give an added somber effect...As CAMERA PASSES ALONG THE TABLE we see on it an old knapsack, a hiking stick, and a battered flannel hat. Finally at the end of the table we see two figures - the HOLY MAN, dressed in simple native costume of white, and Larry. Larry wears old grey trousers, a wrinkled pongee coat, white tennis shoes, a nondescript shirt, and a black tie which has the appearance of having been hurriedly put on and hurriedly tied. There is a look of peace and serenity on the Holy Man's face in contrast to the look of searching and hunger on Larry's face. When the Holy Man speaks it is in a low, natural, conversational tone. He speaks as simply as if he were talking about the weather or crops. Indeed his bearing reflects the tranquility of the whole compound.

HOLY MAN
What has brought you here, my son?

LARRY
I've come to learn. Ever since the war I've been searching for something -- something I can't put into words. I've been told that from you I might find guidance.

HOLY MAN
God is the only guide. But perhaps if we talk, He may show me a way to help you.

LARRY
To my friends I'm a slacker -- afraid of responsibilities. I can't even make those I love understand what I'm after.

HOLY MAN
The fact that you have taken the time to come this great distance in search of knowledge proves that you are not afraid of responsibilities.

(CONTINUED)

28 (Cont. 1)

HOLY MAN (Cont.)
(with a whimsical smile)
Even to admit that you want to learn is in itself courageous.

LARRY
I've studied, I've travelled, I've read everything I could get my hands on -- but nothing seems to satisfy me. Like everyone else, I want to succeed, I want to improve, but not necessarily in terms of what the world calls success. Somehow I've lost confidence in the accepted values. I try to get excited at the prospect of settling down, minding my own business, and making good -- but it only increases my urge to move on.... I know that if I do find what I'm looking for, it will be something I can share with others -- but how to find it -- and where?

HOLY MAN
Your confusion and restlessness are not unique, my son. The whole world is restless and confused and it will always be so as long as men set their ideals on the wrong objects. There can be no real happiness until men learn that it comes from within themselves.

LARRY
I know.

HOLY MAN
It is written that a wise man lives from within himself, which is from God -- from within his own heart. This is the way of calmness, forbearance, compassion, selflessness -- and everlasting peace.

LARRY
Yes, but that's not easy.

(CONTINUED)

28 (Cont. 2)

HOLY MAN
No, the path to salvation is difficult to pass over -- as difficult as the sharp edge of a razor. But this much we know, and all religions teach it: in every one of us there is a spark of the Infinite Goodness that created us. When we leave this earth we are reunited with it as a raindrop falling from heaven is at last reunited with the sea which gave it birth.

Long pause.

LARRY
May I stay here -- with you?

HOLY MAN
Yes, if you wish.
(with a smile)
Our life is very simple. We will talk together. You may even work in the fields if you wish.
(he rises)
One of my students will show you where to sleep.

28A ANOTHER ANGLE

HOLY MAN
We Indians believe that there are three roads which lead to God: One is the path of faith and worship; one is the path of good works performed for the love of God; and then there is a third path which leads through knowledge to wisdom. You have chosen the way of knowledge. But you will learn in the end, my son, that the three paths are only <u>one</u> path.

CAMERA PULLS BACK from them and PANS DOWN ONTO the long white table. As the white table passes beneath the CAMERA, a siren is heard and we

DISSOLVE TO:

29 A WHITE-SHEETED FORM ON A STRETCHER

being pulled out of an ambulance. As CAMERA PULLS BACK we see that the stretcher is being taken into a Receiving Hospital in Chicago. The foyer of the hospital is filled with waiting relatives, policemen making out reports, nurses, newspaper reporters, etc. As it passes a switchboard near the entrance, operated by a couple of women, an interne pulls a slip of paper out of his pocket, consults it and crosses to the telephones while the stretcher moves on.

INTERNE
(to operator)
Michigan 7182. Ask for Mr. Gray Maturin.

OPERATOR
Michigan 7182. Mr. Gray Maturin.

As the interne nods and she starts to dial the number,

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

30 INT. GRAY MATURIN'S OFFICE - DAY

It is at the receptionist-telephone operator's desk immediately outside Gray's office. About twenty people are here. Their lines are spoken almost in unison. The telephone operator is paying no attention to the remarks addressed to her. One particularly belligerent man - thin, strong, almost demented - is particularly insistent.

MAN
Don't tell me I can't see him! I'm going to see him!

(See following yellow pages for added dialogue used in this scene).

OPERATOR
Mr. Maturin's office....No, Mr. Maturin's not in.

MAN
(leaning over)
He is in! I'm going to see him!

VOICES
(ad lib - all together)
It's everything I've got! Every penny!
Put that phone down!
He's not fooling us!
Taking my money. No wonder he doesn't want to see anybody!
He's not going to get away with it!
I'm going in there if I have to break that door down!

(CONTINUED)

"THE RAZOR'S EDGE"
Added dialogue for Scene 30
(written on set)

30

OPERATOR
Michigan 7182...No, Mr. Gray Maturin is not here.

BO
He is here!

OPERATOR
Please —

BO
Don't tell me he's not here! He's here all right and I'm going in to see him.

POLICE OFFICER
Okay, brother, pipe down.

BO
(shakes him off)
Take your hands off me, brother!

OFFICER
Take it easy.

OPERATOR
Michigan 7182..Mr. Maturin's office. No, he's not in.

Bo moves off to meet Cop, who is talking to Sherman.

COP
(to Sherman)
You'll have to wait like everyone else.

BO
Why should he wait? Why should any of us wait? We put our good money in these people's business and we've got a right to know what they've done with it.

SHERMAN
(to Bo)
Where's young Maturin?

BO
(violently)
In there! Right in there!

Secretary comes out of office.

SECRETARY
Not now.

(CONTINUED)

30 (Cont.)

BO
Here, you, Miss. He's in there. What's he hiding for?

He tries to get through gate. Cop and Sherman.

COP
I told you to take it easy.

SHERMAN
The officer's right. If the boy's anything like his old man, we'll get a square deal.

BO
Would his old man hide in there if he was alive?

SHERMAN
Young Gray's all right. Give the boy a chance.

BO
I don't know...I don't know...I don't know.

Gray Maturin's secretary, a woman of about forty, comes up to the telephone operator.

SECRETARY
Will you get Mr. Gray?

OPERATOR
I'm trying now...Corn Exchange? -- Corn Exchange?

She pauses, plugs in Mr. Maturin's office. She listens and looks quickly at the secretary.

OPERATOR
The lines have been busy. Here's a call for him. You'd better take it.
(quietly, as she plugs through to a nearby phone)
Receiving Hospital.

The secretary takes the phone and steps back into the b.g. The belligerent man, who throughout the scene has been adding to the tension, leans forward.

MAN
Quit stalling, lady.

(CONTINUED)

30 (Cont. 1)

He leans over and pulls out some of the plugs, cutting the secretary off.

SECRETARY
Get that number back. Try to get Mr. Maturin.

OPERATOR
I'm trying.

SECRETARY
(putting down phone)
I'll go over. It's quicker.

OPERATOR
(as the secretary goes)
He's at the Corn Exchange - Board Room.

MAN
(at desk, pounding)
He's right here and I'm going to see him! I'm going to see him if I have to break that door down!

DISSOLVE TO:

52

30 (Cont.)

Gray Maturin's secretary, a woman of about forty, comes up to the telephone operator.

SECRETARY
Did you get Mr. Gray?

OPERATOR
I'm trying now....Corn Exchange? --
Corn Exchange?

She pauses, plugs in Mr. Maturin's office. She listens and looks quickly at the secretary.

OPERATOR
Here's a call for him. You'd better take it.
(quietly, as she plugs through to a nearby phone)
Receiving Hospital.

The secretary takes the phone and steps back into the b.g. The belligerent man, who throughout the scene has been adding to the tension, leans forward.

MAN
Quit stalling, lady. He's here! I'm going to see him! Get him out here! I'm going to see him!

He leans over and pulls out some of the plugs, cutting the secretary off.

SECRETARY
Get that number back. Try to get Mr. Maturin.

OPERATOR
I'm trying.

SECRETARY
(putting down phone)
I'll go over. It's quicker.

OPERATOR
(as the secretary goes)
He's at the Corn Exchange - Board Room.

MAN
(at desk, pounding)
He's right here and I'm going to see him! I'm going to see him if I have to break that door down!

DISSOLVE TO:

31 BOARD ROOM - CORN EXCHANGE - DAY

This is a big, richly-furnished office with ticker tape machines at each end of the room. Several men stand around watching the tape as it pours from the machine. One man stands with his back to the room looking out the window. Around a large table in the center of the room are seated six or seven prosperous-looking men, big brokers, big bankers. Gray is facing them. He is very nervous, and upset, verging on a breakdown. The others, in contrast, exude confidence.

GRAY
I don't care about you people. You're well-heeled. You can take it! But what about all these little people? Everything they've got! I tell you my father would turn over in his grave --

One of the older men drops an arm around Gray's shoulder.

BANKER
Yes, but just remember he wouldn't be in his grave - he'd be right here today - if he hadn't been so hot-headed - just like you!

Unobtrusively the woman secretary has come in and crossed to Gray with a slip of paper. Gray takes it without glancing at it.

GRAY
But my father! I never thought I'd be glad he was dead! But if he could see this -- ! You all knew him. You know how proud he was of his business. You used to hear him talk. For thirty years ---

The banker drops his arm around Gray's shoulder.

BANKER
Here, now, boy, you've got to watch yourself. Take it easy. You'll make yourself sick.
(to one of the others)
Get him a drink, Bill.

GRAY
I don't want a drink!

He glances at the note in his hand, and gradually a shocked look comes into his face.

(CONTINUED)

31 (Cont.)

BANKER
The rest of us here know these things have happened before and they'll happen again. The best thing to do is just sit back and hang on and hope that --

GRAY
(cutting in, to secretary)
Get my wife on the phone. Read this to her. Tell her to get to the Hospital immediately. Tell her I can't leave now but that I'll get there as quickly as I can.

The secretary takes the note and goes out.

BANKER
(continuing)
-- well, hope that we all don't lose our shirts.

One of the men at the ticker tape suddenly turns to the table, a look of horror on his face.

MAN
They've closed the market!

All turn and stare at him. There is dead silence. The men are too stunned to speak, even to move. Gray just stands looking at the ticker tape, unable to take it in. We CUT AROUND THE ROOM for several QUICK CLOSEUPS to see what the disaster means to these men. One man bows his head in his hands. Another picks up a decanter and nervously pours himself a drink. On their shocked reactions,

DISSOLVE TO:

32 WOMEN'S WARD, RECEIVING HOSPITAL - DAY

This is a plain, bare room containing five or six beds. Against one wall is a child's crib resembling a cage. A doctor is bending over a bed bandaging a woman's head. Just across from this bed is a screen shielding another bed. A nurse comes in, touches the doctor's arm and motions toward the door. The doctor looks off, nods, quickly completes the bandaging, then goes toward the door on which we see (lettered backwards): WOMEN'S WARD 19. The doctor opens the door, steps out, closes the door behind him.

33 CORRIDOR OUTSIDE THE WARD

as the doctor comes out. Gray is standing there, hat in hand.

GRAY
I'm Gray Maturin. They sent for me.

DOCTOR
Yes, Mr. Maturin.

GRAY
(anxiously)
How is she?

DOCTOR
She's conscious now. She's asking for her husband. Will you tell her?

GRAY
Tell her? Doesn't she know?

DOCTOR
No. She should be told now before a possible shock reaction. You're an old friend....Will you come this way?

The doctor opens the door to the ward again and they go in and over toward the bed with the screen around it. The doctor pushes Gray around a corner of the screen, then leaves him. Gray stands looking down at the bed for a moment, and we see Sophie lying back on a pillow, her eyes closed as if asleep. Gray seats himself in a chair beside the bed and waits, still in agony at the thought of having to break the news to Sophie. After a moment, feeling the presence of someone, she opens her eyes. She looks at Gray in surprise.

SOPHIE
Oh hello, Gray. It was nice of you to come.

GRAY
I got here as quick as I could.

SOPHIE
Such a silly thing to happen. A bunch of drunks. They ran into us at an intersection. We might all have been killed...Is the car badly damaged? It's lucky I was holding the baby in my arms...Where's Bob?

(CONTINUED)

52

33 (Cont.)

She looks at him. His face is strained. The first suspicion enters her mind. She suddenly sits up, now terrified.

SOPHIE
Where's Bob? I want Bob! Bob!

Suddenly her eyes set on Gray's eyes, which are haggard and drawn. A terrible suspicion strikes her. She tries to get out of bed. Gray rises and tries to restrain her, but Sophie pushes him away. The nurse hurries in.

NURSE
You've got to stay in bed, Mrs. Macdonald.

GRAY
(trying to force Sophie back)
Take it easy, Sophie.

SOPHIE
(struggling against them - hysterically)
I've got to see Bob! And baby, baby, baby!

NURSE
(in a low voice)
Don't let her get up. I'll get the doctor.

Another nurse enters to help as she hurries off. Sophie is still struggling, but Gray and the nurse try to restrain her.

GRAY
Lie down, Sophie. There's a good girl.

SOPHIE
(almost out of her mind now, struggling to get up)
Leave me alone, you swine!

GRAY
(his voice agonized)
Sophie. Please.

She looks him straight in the eye, a look of absolute horror in her face, and in his face she reads the truth.

(CONTINUED)

52

33 (Cont.1)

SOPHIE
Is Bob dead, Gray? Is he dead?

There is still no answer from Gray. She looks at him almost coyly.

SOPHIE
You can tell me, Gray.

Slowly Gray nods yes.

GRAY
Yes.

SOPHIE
(breathlessly, hoping for a denial)
And - and baby too?

Gray nods miserably.

SOPHIE
Linda!..Linda. Baby.
(hysterically struggling again to get up)

Gray tries to force her back onto the bed. The doctor and the nurse hurry in. The nurse has a hypodermic needle in her hand which she hands to the doctor. The latter goes to Sophie to give her an injection. Gray steps away from the bed. We see the terrific strain he has been under. (He is now standing at a corner of the screen so that he has a view both of the bed and of the door leading to the corridor.) Sophie is still struggling as the doctor gives her the injection. Almost immediately it begins to have effect, although she begins to struggle and to cry out for Bob.

DOCTOR
(to Gray)
I think you'd better go now, Mr. Maturin. She'll be asleep in a few minutes.

Gray starts out. As he is going out the door we hear Sophie's voice whimpering:

SOPHIE'S VOICE
Linda...Linda, darling. Wake up... Wake up, baby.

(CONTINUED)

33 (Cont.2)

Gray closes the door to the ward. Offscene we now hear the crying of a baby. For a moment Gray stands beside the door and we see the results of the strain. He is almost limp from the ordeal. Over this we hear Isabel's voice.

ISABEL'S VOICE
Oh, Gray!

As he turns quickly we see Isabel coming toward Sophie's room. Gray starts off quickly to meet her.

GRAY
Come on.

He takes her arm and leads her back along the corridor.

ISABEL
I'm so sorry I wasn't in. I was having a fitting. How is she?

GRAY
Asleep I hope.

ISABEL
Poor thing. She did adore Bob. Has she been told?

Gray nods.

GRAY
I told her.

ISABEL
(in quick sympathy)
My poor Gray. You look all in. Here, sit down.

They have come along the corridor toward a bench on which three or four people are seated, and there they stop and sit down. Among the people on the bench is a colored woman with a crying baby, the one whose cries we heard previously. This baby continues to cry intermittently through the scene. Gray pulls a handkerchief out of his pocket and wipes his brow. There is a long pause.

GRAY
(looking at her)
Isabel, the market's crashed.

ISABEL
(shocked)
Gray!

(CONTINUED)

33 (Cont.3)

GRAY
We're going to be wiped out.

ISABEL
(unable to grasp it)
We? Oh, Gray, it's impossible! It's not going to affect us?

GRAY
(nodding)
Us and everybody else.

Isabel looks at him, bewildered.

ISABEL
Can't something be done?

GRAY
What? Isabel, they've got in their heads that it was my fault.

He puts his hands to his head, covers his eyes with his hands.

GRAY
The office has been like a mad-house. I feel as if I was going crazy myself. I've let you down, haven't I?

ISABEL
Me?

Gray seizes both her hands in his, clinging to her like a little boy.

GRAY
You didn't marry me to be a poor man's wife.

ISABEL
(sitting down beside him, trying to comfort him)
Darling, don't talk like that! There's only one thing there's no help for - Death. We've got the children. We've got one another.

She puts her arm about him.

(CONTINUED)

33 (Cont.4)

GRAY
(desperately)
Try to love me, Isabel. I want you to love me so badly.

ISABEL
(holding him close)
I've never loved you more than right now, darling.

As he clings to her, and she holds him close, like a mother comforting a frightened child.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

34 COMPOUND IN INDIA - DAY

Larry, his face dark and sunburned, is seated at a long table engrossed in a book. There is now a look of contentment on his face which leads us to feel that, while he may not have found all he is looking for, at least he knows he is at last on the right road. He finishes the book, closes it, thinks for a moment, then re-opens the book and re-reads a few lines. Again closing the book, he gets up and starts off. At the end of the table he meets the Holy Man who is just entering. The latter's face lights up with a smile and he takes Larry's arm and they walk off together just as, we suspect, they have walked many times before.

HOLY MAN
Are you ready for your pilgrimage?

Larry nods and his eyes take in the whole room.

LARRY
(a hint of regret in his voice)
Yes, but I'll miss it here. I've been very happy.

HOLY MAN
We'll miss you, too. You've got all you can get from books. It's time now for you to put the world behind you for a while, to isolate yourself - completely - from everything.

They have now come to the opening in the wall through which the mountains may be seen, and there they stop.

HOLY MAN
(indicating mountains - with a smile)
Sometimes very strange things happen when you're in the mountains - with not a living soul in miles of you - with nothing above you but the sky and God.

Larry looks at the Holy Man questioningly.

LARRY
What sort of things?

34 (Cont.)

An enigmatic smile crosses the Holy Man's face. Once again his arm goes about Larry's shoulder in that father-son gesture we saw earlier.

THE HOLY MAN
(after a pause)
That, my boy, depends on you.

Larry looks back toward the hills.

THE HOLY MAN
You'll find a little shelter up there at the very top. Go in. Make yourself at home. You can stay as long as it suits you.

They shake hands and Larry moves away, the Holy Man looking after him.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

35 MOUNTAIN TOP - DUSK

This is the very pinnacle of a granite mountain, above a solid bank of clouds through which emerge several snowclad peaks. The sun has set but the horizon is still luminous. High above the cloud bank is a silvery, mackerel sky. On a ledge in the f.g. is a small hut constructed of stone and mud. It is built partly into a crevice and appears at first sight to be a segment of the mountain itself. Beyond it is a rocky promontory from which a crude trail leads down the mountain. There is no vegetation here but between the cracks and crannies of the rocks patches of snow and ice may be seen... Larry is coming down from the promontory toward the hut. He stoops and goes into the hut.

36 INT. HUT

The hut consists of a small room which has been hollowed partly out of the rock. There is no ceiling and the roof is thatched with coarse grass. Low down on one side is a small window. In a corner is a crude fireplace and beside it a stack of faggots, several cooking utensils and food - dates, coffee, etc. Larry's sleeping bag is stretched out on a wooden bunk. On a rock ledge are a candle, an alarm clock, and several books. Another ledge forms a seat before which stands a rough table and a stool... Larry on entering goes to the fireplace, kneels down, and starts a fire.

(CONTINUED)

36 (Cont.)

Then he gets up, lights the candle, after which he goes over to the fireplace and starts to lay out his frugal meal. As he is bending over he hears a slight noise outside. He straightens up, listens, then food in hand, crosses to the low window, stoops down and looks out.

37 WHAT HE SEES

The figure of a man, dressed in white, is coming up the mountain toward the hut.

38 INT. HUT

as Larry quickly turns, sets down the food and goes to the door, a joyous look on his face.

39 EXT. HUT

By now the sun is almost gone. Through the dusk comes the Holy Man, a knapsack on his back, a staff in his hand. The last rays of the sun strike the Holy Man's face and frame his head like a halo. Larry goes forward to meet the Holy Man. They stop and face each other, without a word. Then the Holy Man puts his hands on Larry's shoulders.

THE HOLY MAN
Let me look at you.

He stands gazing intently into Larry's eyes for a moment. Larry has not spoken a word, even of greeting. But what the Holy Man sees appears to satisfy him. A smile breaks on his face.

THE HOLY MAN
Yes... Yes... I see. I see.

He releases Larry and together they walk in silence to the hut and go in.

40 INT. HUT

The fire is now burning. On the table is the lighted candle. (Darkness comes quickly here for there is but one small window.) Larry takes the Holy Man's knapsack and walking stick. The Holy Man seats himself. His eyes never leave Larry. He senses - as we do - a new urgency in Larry.

THE HOLY MAN
(quietly)
Sit here beside me.

(CONTINUED)

52

40 (Cont.)

Larry comes over and seats himself on the stool close to the Holy Man. Again the Holy Man looks intently at Larry, waiting for him to speak. When at last Larry does speak, his voice is husky - for he has not spoken to anyone for a long time. The light is constantly changing on his face as he tells what has happened.

LARRY
(quietly)
You were right. Something very strange did happen to me.

THE HOLY MAN
I know. I can see it in your face.

LARRY
It was just at that moment before night ends and day begins, when the whole world seems to tremble in the balance... Gradually the light began to filter through the darkness - slowly - like some mysterious figure stealing through the trees. Then the first rays of the sun came up. I don't know how to say it. The mountains - the mist sort of caught in the tree tops... I'd never before seen or felt anything like it.

THE HOLY MAN
(softly)
I know. I come here often.

LARRY
All of a sudden I had a strange sensation. I felt as if I'd been released from my body - that I was suspended in mid-air. Then everything that had been confused before suddenly became clear to me. I had a sense of knowledge more than human. I felt I'd broken away and was free... I felt that if it lasted another minute I'd die. And yet I was willing to die if I could only hold on to it because <u>for</u> - <u>that</u> - <u>one</u> - <u>moment</u> I had a feeling that -- that --

(CONTINUED)

40 (Cont. 1)

He can't quite say it. The Holy Man nods.

THE HOLY MAN
(softly)
That you and God were one.

Larry nods. Then he lowers his head, lost for a moment in the memory of that shattering experience. There is a long pause. Finally he lifts his head.

LARRY
I'm sure I could stay here forever and never tire of it.

The Holy Man looks deep into Larry's eyes, which now seem to be looking inwards rather than out.

THE HOLY MAN
No. You must go back. You are now <u>ready</u> to go back.
(as Larry shakes his head, murmurs 'No')
It is not necessary to leave the world, my son, but rather to live in the world - and to love the objects of the world, not for themselves alone, but for what there is in them of God. Your place is with your own people... You, my son, are one of the fortunate ones. By the grace of God, it has been given to you to see the ravishing beauty of the world which is only the reflection, seen through a glass darkly, of the beauty of God. That sense of joy, that vision of God's beauty, will remain fresh and vivid with you to the day of your death.

As Larry continues to stare at the Holy Man,

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

41 INT. HUT - JUST BEFORE DAWN

In the semi-darkness we see the Holy Man asleep on the bunk. Larry lies in his sleeping bag near the window. The first faint gray streaks of dawn are coming through the window. They strike Larry's face and move across the window. He opens his eyes and after a moment he gets up. Very quietly he takes his knapsack and goes toward the door. He looks down at the sleeping Holy Man but does not awaken him. Quietly he opens the door and goes out.

52

42 MOUNTAIN TOP - DAWN

As Larry comes out of the hut, the sun has half risen above a distant mountain peak. The solid cloud bank below is turning silver. Strong rays of light illuminate a number of fleecy clouds overhead. As Larry slowly crosses to the promontory, the sun rises like a ball of fire, pulsating with flame and many tongues of light. The heavens, the rocks, and the clouds beneath seem to vibrate like molten silver. Larry stands on the promontory, transfixed. Then he turns and starts DOWN the trail. THE CAMERA IS SHOOTING DOWN THE TRAIL as Larry descends. Far beneath it, through a gap in the cloud bank, we see a vista of fertile valleys and the surface of a lake which shimmers like burnished steel. The Music is coming in now as Larry disappears into the cloud bank, and CAMERA HOLDS ON THE CLOUD BANK, the Music rises to a triumphant climax.

FADE OUT

Added French Dialogue
Scene 43, Page 72 (Added Scene)
EXT. SULKA'S

FIRST OFFICER
What time do you finish your work?

GIRL
Never.

FIRST OFFICER
Then you are always tired?

GIRL
Not so tired.

FIRST OFFICER
A little drink would give you strength.

GIRL
I'm not weak. Do I look weak?

FIRST OFFICER
(looks at her)
Pretty and young and strong. Have you a friend?

GIRL
(laughs)
Many.

SECOND OFFICER
Come on -- we'll lose the two we have.

(the officers salute and leave. A motor horn sounds violently. The girl is no longer demure.)

GIRL
(to chauffeur)
Shut your loud mouth!

(she sees the policeman coming - and scrams.)

OFFICER
(from other side)
Good luck, Mimi Pinson.

FIRST OFFICER
A quelle heure finissez votre travail?

GIRL
Moi, jamais.

FIRST OFFICER
Alors vous êtes toujours fatiguée?

GIRL
Pas tellement.

FIRST OFFICER
Un petit verre vous donnera de la force.

GIRL
Je ne suis pas si faible.

FIRST OFFICER
(looks at her)
Vous êtes jolie, vigoureuse et jeune. Avez-vous un ami?

GIRL
(laughs)
J'en ai beaucoups.

SECOND OFFICER
Allons viens, nous perdrons nos amies.

GIRL
(to chauffeur)
Oh toi! La ferme!

OFFICER
(from other side)
Bonne chance, Mimi Pinson.

CUT TO

MAN
When will you be leaving Paris?

MAN
Quand pensez vous quitter Paris?

MAUGHAM
I don't know quite. My plans are uncertain.....
(with a laugh)
.....as usual.

MAN
(broadly)
It must be a marvelous life to live in other worlds -- to move on whim and fancy.

MAUGHAM
And plenty of hard work. I'll call you. Goodbye.

(The man raises his hat and leaves.)

BUS CONDUCTOR
(calling numbers)
...Forty-one, forty-two....take your seats please....All full....

MAUGHAM
Je ne sais pas...mes plans sont encore vagues.....
(with a laugh)
.....comme d'habitude.

MAN
(broadly)
Quelle vie enchanteresse que la votre!...voltiger au gré du vent.

MAUGHAM
Avec cet poids eternel: le travail! Allons!.....Je vous appellerai bientot.....au revoir, mon cher.

While:

BUS CONDUCTOR
(calling numbers)
...Quarante et un, quarante deux.. Allons, en voiture, c'est complet..

(See preceding pink pages)
(for new scene which opens)
52 (this sequence of the story)

FADE IN

43 INT. SULKA'S - PARIS - DAY

We come in on a CLOSE SHOT of A CROWN woven into the initials E.T. on a pair of shorts. Over this we hear Elliott Templeton's voice.

ELLIOTT'S VOICE
Tut! This is not the proper place at all! I'm not running in the Olympic Games, you know.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Elliott, dressed in a silk dressing gown, holding a pair of shorts against himself, and indicating where the crown and initials should be. A couple of Sulka salesmen are hovering about him.

ELLIOTT
(querulously, indicating crown)
The crest belongs up here. Up here! It'll all have to be done over - immediately.

SHOPMAN
Mais certainement, Monsieur. Immediately.

Elliott tosses the shorts to the shopman and turns his attention to his robe.

ELLIOTT
And now about this robe. It's really dreadful. It makes me look as though I'd shrunk. Look at this tassel! Hideous! It should hit me here - at the knees.
(turns to survey himself in the mirror)
Lower. Lower - so that when I walk it will - sway. As it is now it just - bobbles.

As Elliott surveys himself in the mirror and the shopmen apologetically agree, he suddenly catches sight of someone outside the door.

ELLIOTT
(staring)
It isn't!
(turning)
By jove it is!

(CONTINUED)

52

43 (Cont.)

He goes quickly to the door and we see Maugham standing in front of the shop looking at an arrangement of ties in the window.

ELLIOTT
My dear feller!

MAUGHAM
(surprised)
Elliott!

Maugham comes in and they shake hands.

ELLIOTT
(as they come deeper into the store)
Wherever have you been all these years?

MAUGHAM
I've been a lot in the Orient. The last time I passed through Paris, you were away.

ELLIOTT
I have a house on the Riviera now. I've reached the time of life when I'm prepared to relax and enjoy the beauties of nature.

MAUGHAM
You surprise me, Elliott. You've always looked upon nature as an impediment to social intercourse.

ELLIOTT
Paris is not what it was. There's practically nobody to know here any more. However, on the Riviera there are really some quite nice people. In fact, the shores of the Mediterranean are simply littered with royalties. Heaven knows I'm not a snob, but just as a matter of interest I don't mind telling you that on one occasion I had <u>two</u> ex-kings to lunch.

MAUGHAM
How nice.

Maugham suddenly notices the crown and initials on Elliott's robe.

(CONTINUED)

52

43 (Cont. 1)

MAUGHAM
What the devil's that crown doing over your initials?

ELLIOTT
His Holiness has been graciously pleased to revive in my favor my old family title.

MAUGHAM
(astonished)
Your what?

ELLIOTT
(lifting an eyebrow)
Didn't you know? I'm descended in the female line from the Count de Lauria who came over to England with Phillip the Second and married a maid of honor of Queen Mary.
(to the shopman)
You'll send along the other things?

SHOPMAN
Mais certainement, Monsieur.

Elliott starts to take off the robe, aided by the second shopman.

ELLIOTT
As an American citizen, I feel it more modest not to use my title except on all my personal linen.

MAUGHAM
(concealing a smile)
I think that's a very pretty gesture on your part, Elliott.

ELLIOTT
I don't mind telling you that I take a modest pride in concealing my rank under the sober pin stripe of an American gentleman.

Elliott is assisted into his coat. He carefully puts on his hat, gloves, takes his stick, inspects himself in the mirror, etc., during following dialogue.

ELLIOTT
You know that Isabel and Gray Maturin are here with their two children?

(CONTINUED)

52

43 (Cont.2)

MAUGHAM
Are they? I didn't know. I've only just arrived in Paris.

ELLIOTT
They were wiped out in the crash.

MAUGHAM
Yes, I heard that.

ELLIOTT
Poor Isabel even had to sell her jewels. Gray tried to get a job, but it appears there was no business. The result was a nervous breakdown, and he suffers from the most frightful headaches. He couldn't take a job now even if he could get one.

MAUGHAM
Oh, I am sorry.

ELLIOTT
I couldn't allow them to live like pigs. Isabel without a maid and no governess for the children. So I've lent them my apartment here until Gray can get on his feet again.

MAUGHAM
You are the most generous creature in the world, Elliott.

ELLIOTT
(waving this aside)
Nonsense. If I'm taking care of them it's because - well, noblesse oblige, you know.

MAUGHAM
And what about you? Were you hurt in the crash?

They start out of the shop, the shopman bowing as to royalty itself.

ELLIOTT
(with satisfaction)
God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. I happened to be in Rome in September '29, and my friends strongly advised me to sell my American securities. I very sensibly took their advice.

(CONTINUED)

52

43 (Cont.3)

MAUGHAM
So when the crash came you were sitting pretty.

ELLIOTT
(with a pained look)
An Americanism, my dear feller, which I see no occasion for you to use, but it expresses my situation with a good deal of accuracy. In fact, I was inspired to sell short and made what you would probably call a killing.

MAUGHAM
(chuckling)
You're a downy old bird, Elliott.

ELLIOTT
(very pleased with himself)
I have a flair.

44 EXT. SULKA'S

as they come out.

MAUGHAM
What about coming and having a spot of lunch with me? I'm expecting an old friend of yours.

He hails a passing taxicab.

ELLIOTT
I was not aware that I had any old friends in Paris. And even if I have, I assure you nothing would give me less pleasure than to meet them at this time of day.

A cab pulls up at the curb and Maugham urges Elliott into it.

MAUGHAM
Come along, Elliott. Jump in. We're meeting at the Dome.

ELLIOTT
(as he gets into the cab - reluctantly)
I hate being hustled.

As the cab drives off, DISSOLVE TO:

45 CAFE DU DOME - DAY

This is a sidewalk cafe with several tightly-packed rows of round marble-topped tables. AS CAMERA PANS DOWN FROM THE NAME we see Maugham and Elliott coming to a vacant table. Elliott looks around with ill-, concealed distaste.

ELLIOTT
I do not like the propinquity of hoi polloi.

Maugham smiles and they sit down as a waiter comes up to them.

MAUGHAM
Deux Dubonnet.

As the waiter turns away, we see a man step up to the table. He is tall and thin, and his hair is badly in need of trimming. He wears a frayed shirt, shabby coat and slacks. It is Larry.

LARRY
(grinning)
Hello.

ELLIOTT
(without looking up at Larry)
Will you kindly remove yourself from my presence? You are obstructing the view.

As Larry laughs, Maugham recognizes him.

MAUGHAM
Larry!

He gets up and they shake hands warmly.

ELLIOTT
(shocked)
Larry? I thought you were dead.

LARRY
(amused)
Sorry to disappoint you.

ELLIOTT
(giving him a scowling appraisal)
How on earth did you expect me to recognize you? Your clothes are only fit for the garbage can.

(CONTINUED)

52

45 (Cont.)

Larry looks at himself as if he'd never thought of this.

LARRY
Are they as bad as that? Who's your tailor?

ELLIOTT
He happens to live in London, and I wouldn't dream of giving you his address.

MAUGHAM
(smiling)
Never mind, Larry. I'll give you the address of mine. Sit down and have a drink.

They sit down.

MAUGHAM
Where have you sprung from now?

LARRY
India.

Suddenly Elliott rises.

ELLIOTT
If you gentlemen will excuse me I will now leave you. I have an engagement.

He bows and stalks off with ruffled dignity. They look after him, amused, as a waiter comes in with the drinks and sets them down.

MAUGHAM
Are you down and out, Larry?

LARRY
(surprised)
No, I'm all right. What makes you think that?

MAUGHAM
Well, you don't look any too flushed. You know it won't break me to make you a small loan.

Larry laughs outright.

(CONTINUED)

52

45 (Cont. 1)

LARRY
Thanks a lot, but I don't need it. In fact, I've got more money than I can spend.

MAUGHAM
Notwithstanding the crash?

LARRY
All I had was in Government bonds and Uncle Sam goes right on paying me on the coupons like the decent old party he is.

They sip their drinks.

MAUGHAM
Did you know Isabel and Gray are here?

LARRY
(genuinely interested)
Oh, really. Where are they staying?

MAUGHAM
In Elliott's apartment. Their children are with them.

LARRY
Oh, I must look them up.

MAUGHAM
If you don't want to scare them out of their wits and drive their two little girls into hysterics, you'd better get some clothes and have your hair cut.

LARRY
(laughing)
That would be a good idea anyway.

MAUGHAM
They've had a rather bad time. The Maturin Company was wiped out in the crash. Gray had a nervous breakdown.

LARRY
(concerned)
Poor Gray. I'm sorry to hear that.

(CONTINUED)

45 (Cont. 2)

There is a pause. Maugham looks at him.

MAUGHAM
(after a pause)
What did you do in India?

The smile fades from Larry's face. There is gravity in it and something of the look he had when he talked to the Holy Man for the last time.

LARRY
(quietly)
I learned something about myself.
I was very happy there...

As Maugham looks at him curiously, studying him, aware of some great change in him,

DISSOLVE TO:

46 INT. ELLIOTT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gray, wearing his bathrobe, and dark glasses, stands near the window. He picks up a cigarette, starts to light it, thinks better of it, and as he puts the cigarette back on the table he hears VOICES in the hallway. He turns, looks off toward hallway to see who it is.

46A HALLWAY OF ELLIOTT'S APARTMENT

Maugham has just entered and the butler is taking his hat.

BUTLER
I'll tell Mrs. Maturin you're here, sir.

He gestures Maugham toward the living room. Maugham enters the room, sees Gray. Gray comes toward him, taking off his dark glasses as he approaches Maugham.

GRAY
Hello, Mr. Maugham. It's good to see you. Isabel told me she talked with you on the phone.

MAUGHAM
Yes. I'm very sorry to hear you've been under the weather, Gray.

(CONTINUED)

46A (Cont.)

They shake hands.

GRAY
Oh, it's one of those things. It comes and goes. I just can't seem to get rid of it. I thought perhaps if I came over here for a few months the change might do me good.

47 ANOTHER ANGLE

Isabel enters living room.

ISABEL
Mr. Maugham!

MAUGHAM
Isabel -- this is a pleasure. How are the children?

ISABEL
Wonderful! Growing by leaps and bounds!
(to Gray)
How's it now, dear?

GRAY
I'll be all right.
(to Maugham)
Now if you'll excuse me --
(he starts toward door)
I always feel such a nuisance when I'm like this.

ISABEL
Do you want anything, dear?

GRAY
No, thanks.

He goes into the library.

MAUGHAM
What a pity! I was hoping you and Gray would dine with me tonight.

ISABEL
I'd love to, but --

47 (Cont.)

They sit down.

~~DIALOGUE OF SCENE ALREADY SHOT~~

ISABEL
Poor boy, he really suffers...
You look very well...
(playfully)
...Mr. Maugham.

MAUGHAM
(smiling)
I am very well. Larry hasn't arrived yet?

ISABEL
Larry?

MAUGHAM
Yes, he lunched with me today. He said he would drop in on you this afternoon.

ISABEL
Larry! In Paris! Where has he been?

MAUGHAM
India.

ISABEL
I didn't know...I didn't know he'd been in India. Do you realize I haven't laid eyes on him for -- for years! Did you tell him we'd lost all our money?

MAUGHAM
Um-hum.

ISABEL
It's funny, when you come to think of it, that we should have almost exactly the income Larry had when he wanted me to marry him and I wouldn't because we couldn't possibly live on it. And now I have two children, besides.

MAUGHAM
(with a wave around the room)
I don't think you're so terribly to be pitied.

(CONTINUED)

52

47 (Cont.)

Isabel glances at him quickly and then looks off in the direction of sudden children's noises.

ISABEL
(with a smile at Maugham)
Mes enfants -- ils agacent leur pere quand il a mal a la tete.

She is moving off to the hall, calling to the children.

ISABEL
(calling)
Voyons, mes petites... Je vous en prie... Votre pere a encore mal a la tete...

48 HALL - ELLIOTT'S APARTMENT

Isabel moves out in the background to the children and their governess, speaking to them in French. The children answer in English -- ad lib -- voices out of focus. In the foreground, the butler is admitting Larry. The butler takes Larry's hat. Larry moves down and stands watching Isabel with her children. Isabel sees Larry and sweeps forward vividly. Her breath comes quickly.

ISABEL
(in a certain quality of voice)
Larry!

LARRY
Hello, Isabel.

He kisses her. Isabel looks at him for a moment; Maugham watching them from doorway.

ISABEL
Larry! I can't believe it!

He smiles at her, then:

LARRY
(indicating children)
Yours?

ISABEL
(smiling)
The brood.

(CONTINUED)

48 (Cont.) ~~(ALREADY SHOT)~~

Larry picks up one of the girls, kisses her.

LARRY
What's your name?

JOAN
Joan.

LARRY
Joan...And how old are you?

JOAN
Seven.

LARRY
Seven...

Isabel picks up the other little girl.

ISABEL
This is Priscilla.

LARRY
Oh, what a lovely brood.

They stand there for a brief moment, holding the two children in their arms.

48A CLOSEUP - LARRY ~~(NEW)~~

LARRY
(looking at Isabel)
My - it has been a long time...

Hold the look for a moment, then:

48B CLOSEUP - ISABEL ~~(NEW)~~

She looks at Larry, and tears come into her eyes.

ISABEL
(tremulously)
Yes...a long time.

48C GROUP SHOT ~~(ALREADY SHOT)~~

They put the children down.

LARRY
Where's Gray?

(CONTINUED)

480 (Cont.) ~~(ALREADY SHOT)~~

ISABEL
In the library.
(to the children)
Run along, darlings.

The governess takes the children away, and Isabel and Larry turn toward the drawing room.

49 INT. DRAWING ROOM (ALREADY SHOT)

as they enter.

MAUGHAM
(to Larry)
Hello...

LARRY
(with a laugh, indicating his clothes - to Maugham)
This better?

Maugham nods and laughs.

ISABEL
(quickly)
What?

LARRY
(smiling)
Private.

This is thrown away, but, small as it is, it has its effect on Isabel. What's private?

LARRY
(continues)
Where's Gray?

Isabel crosses, opens the door to the library, looks in.

50 INT. LIBRARY - ELLIOTT'S APARTMENT

Shooting across Gray and onto Isabel at door.

ISABEL
Gray -- look who's here!

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont.)

Larry enters. Gray attempts to rise.

LARRY
Hello, Gray -- don't get up.

GRAY
Larry! I'm glad to see you! Sorry you caught me like this.

Larry sits on the side of the couch, looking steadily at Gray.

GRAY
(quietly)
Blinding headaches...

LARRY
(quietly)
Yes....

Isabel and Maugham enter together.

ISABEL
Mr. Maugham wants to take us all out this evening.

MAUGHAM
We're going to dine and do the town.
(to Gray)
Do you feel up to it?

GRAY
That's nice of you, Mr. Maugham - but I'm afraid not. Larry will go, won't you, Larry?

Isabel comes around to Gray and puts her hand on his head tenderly.

ISABEL
Poor Gray!

Gray's face contorts. One can almost see the pain piercing his head. He covers his eyes with both hands.

GRAY
You sail on, all of you. Don't let me spoil your evening.

LARRY
Will you let me see if I can help you?

52

50 (Cont. 1)

GRAY
(looking up)
How?

LARRY
I mean - I may be able to help you help yourself...

Larry takes what looks like a silver dollar from his pocket and puts it into Gray's hand. The others move round, watching steadily.

LARRY
Close your fingers tightly on this. Hold your palm downwards. Don't fight me -- don't make any effort -- just squeeze the coin in your closed fist. Before you count ten, your hand will open and the coin will drop out of it.

Gray does as he is told. Larry begins to count... "One... Two... Three..." (etc.) Isabel and Maugham watch him. At the count of "Six" Gray's hand is seen to tremble. His thumb begins to move away from his fist. At the count of "Nine" the coin falls out of Gray's hand and onto the couch. Maugham leans over and picks it up. He holds it up, near enough to the camera for us to see that it is heavy and misshapen. Isabel curiously takes it from him, staring at it, fascinated. Gray is looking at his hand with perplexity.

GRAY
I didn't let that coin drop. It fell out of itself.

LARRY
(with a smile)
That's not so important. I thought it might give you confidence in me.
(to Isabel)
Give him the coin again.

Isabel hands Gray the coin.

LARRY
Got it?

GRAY
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

52

50 (Cont. 2)

LARRY
(to Maugham)
What time is it?

MAUGHAM
(taking out his watch on a thin chain from his waistcoat)
Thirteen minutes past seven.

LARRY
(taking the watch, still held on the chain.
In sixty seconds your eyelids will grow heavy -- so heavy that you will be obliged to close them. Then you will sleep for another minute. At seven-fifteen you will wake up and you will have no more pain.

From Gray a slight smile of incredulity. Larry fixes his gaze on Gray. Gray's eyelids close. He begins to breathe easily and regularly.

LARRY
(after a few feet of INDIVIDUAL CUTS)
Believe it or not, he <u>is</u> asleep.

Maugham and Isabel look at Gray and see that he is really asleep.

MAUGHAM
(quietly)
You learned that in India...

Maugham and Isabel exchange glances.

LARRY
(looking at the watch; quietly)
There's nothing really miraculous about it. I merely put an idea into his head. He's doing the rest himself.

Suddenly Larry relaxes. As he does so, Gray opens his eyes slowly, looks up and around in bewilderment as if coming out of a deep sleep. There is a slight smile on Gray's face.

GRAY
I did doze off.

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont. 3)

ISABEL
Is your head better?

GRAY
(shakes his head)
I don't know....

He gets up slowly. His hands cross his forehead as if asking the pain if it is still there. He stands, a tall figure, before them. Their eyes are on him.

GRAY
Could be...
(to Larry)
You did something. What did you do?

LARRY
I didn't do it. You did it yourself.

GRAY
Well, that's a new one. My head was splitting wide open from here to here.
(indicates back of neck to front. His hands move, indicating the throbbing)

ISABEL
How is it now?

GRAY
It's certainly better.

He stretches, a tall, strong figure. The very act of stretching shows plainly that he is better.

ISABEL
(to Larry)
Do you think you could cure him permanently?

LARRY
(with a smile)
I can't work miracles. There's no reason why he couldn't cure himself, in time.

ISABEL
But that was a miracle. I saw it.

GRAY
Well, whatever it was, it sure helped.

(CONTINUED)

50 (Cont. 4)

MAUGHAM
Enough to come along to dinner with us?

GRAY
Yes, I'll come along. I haven't eaten anything all day.

ISABEL
You're coming, Larry?

LARRY
Sure, I'd love to. I haven't danced with you for years, Isabel. I'd like to find out if I still know how.

ISABEL
(as she moves out)
We'll see... I'll get my things. Wouldn't you like a drink, Mr. Maugham? Larry?
(as she goes out gaily through the sitting room)
Everything's here.

As the men come out into the drawing room -- Larry watching Gray, Gray undoing his dressing gown, Maugham crossing down to get himself a drink --

DISSOLVE TO:

51 EXT. A RESTAURANT IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE - NIGHT

Isabel and Larry, followed by Maugham and Gray, are exiting from the restaurant. Isabel and Larry are very gay; it was apparently warm inside the restaurant, for Isabel is lightly fanning herself with her handkerchief.

(See following pink page for added French dialogue used in this scene)

GRAY
(looking toward Larry and Isabel)
Funny fellow, Larry. He doesn't look a day older than when he left Chicago all those years ago.

MAUGHAM
(thoughtfully)
India changed him.

GRAY
(puzzled)
Changed him?

MAUGHAM
He looks extraordinarily happy to me -- calm and yet strangely aloof.

Grey looks at Maugham questioningly, but Maugham turns to the doorman, saying,

MAUGHAM
Mr. Templeton's car, please.

Doorman murmurs "Oui, monsieur," and steps over to the curb to summon the limousine. As Maugham turns back to the group he sees Isabel taking a cigarette from her case. Maugham steps over to her with his lighter. Larry has turned aside to speak to Gray, and thus Isabel and Maugham are left a little apart from the other two.

MAUGHAM
(in low voice as he gives her a light)
Does he dance as well as ever?

ISABEL
I didn't notice.

MAUGHAM
(amused - but he means it)
You're not going to be so silly as to fall in love with him again, are you?

(CONTINUED)

Added French Dialogue
Scene 51, Page 88
BOIS DE BOLOGNE - NIGHT

At opening of shot, a group is talking at the door of the restaurant.

PRINCESS NOVEMALI
No, at this time they are on the Cote d'Azur.

PRINCESS NOVEMALI
Non, en ce moment ils sont sur la Côte d'Azur.

A LADY
At the same place?

LADY
Au même endroit?

PRINCESS
No, at Moujon, at the Petite Paradise.

PRINCESS
Non, à Moujon, au Petit Paradis.

ESCORT
What a charming place!

ESCORT
Quel endroit charmant!

LADY
The Riviera should be charming at this time of year.

LADY
La Riviera doit être délicieuse en cette saison.

PRINCESS
I'm opening my villa, you know...

PRINCESS
J'installe ma villa, vous savez...

DOORMAN
(interrupting her)
Princess, your car is here.

DOORMAN
(interrupting her)
Princess, votre voiture est avancée.

The group ad lib their farewells:

EVERYBODY
Goodbye, (etc., etc.,)

EVERYBODY
Au revoir, chère amie, (etc., etc.)

The group walks down while the lady says to her escort:

LADY
What an eccentric woman! Let's go on the terrace.

LADY
Quelle excentrique! Allons sur la terrasse.

ESCORT
Yes, darling.

ESCORT
Oui, chèrie.

52

51 (Cont.)

She looks into Maugham's eyes. Her reply comes with simple honesty.

ISABEL
I've never stopped loving him. I've never loved anyone else in my life.

MAUGHAM
Marriage is a pretty difficult job even when one's in love. I shouldn't have thought it much fun when one is not.

ISABEL
One can get on all right without love.

She looks off toward Larry and Gray.

MAUGHAM
(following her gaze)
Gray's such a good fellow. It would be a pity to hurt him.

ISABEL
I'll never do anything to hurt him. I'm too fond of him for that.

MAUGHAM
Well, it's your business, not mine.

Isabel looks at him for a moment, vaguely annoyed. The limousine drives into scene.

MAUGHAM
(to Isabel)
Where to now? How about LES AMBASSADEURS?

ISABEL
Oh no -- I'm sick of all these smart places.
(her eyes light up)
How about the Rue de Lappe? I've never been there. At least it's <u>different</u>.

LARRY
(incredulously)
The Rue de Lappe? In <u>those</u> clothes?

(CONTINUED)

52

51 (Cont.1)

ISABEL
(laughing)
Nonsense! I can keep my cape on.
Please....it'll be fun....

LARRY
Okay. But don't blame us if you don't like it.
(to the Chauffeur)
You know the Rue de Lappo -- the Bal au Tango du Chat?

CHAUFFEUR
Oui, Monsieur.

The three men follow Isabel into the limousine. As they are getting in, Larry says,

LARRY
(with a laugh)
We'd better draw the blinds in that district -- unless you want a bottle through the window.

The door closes and the car drives away.

DISSOLVE TO:

52 REVISED - "THE RAZOR'S EDGE" -- 5/28/46

52 INT. CAFE BAL AU TANGO DU CHAT

This place bears no resemblance to the fake apache joints which cater to the tourist trade. This is the real thing. Zinc-topped bar, greasy wallpaper, small tables. A small dance floor. The room is crowded with men with their caps on, women of all ages. Smoke and liquor fumes fill the air. Several couples are dancing.... At the bar are two women and a man. They are drinking. One of the women suddenly reaches across the man and hits the other. A brief fight follows which the man breaks up. (We do not see the faces of the women closely).... We CUT AROUND to see Isabel and her party just being seated by the proprietor, a coarse-looking man in his shirt sleeves, who looks at these four well-dressed people - as do others in the place - with ill-concealed suspicion.

(See following pink pa for add French dialogu used in this sh

LARRY
Well, Isabel, you asked for it; here it is.

(CONTINUED)

52

Added French Dialogue
Scene 52, Page 90-A
INT. BAL AU TANGO DU CHAT

Dancer walks in and says to Proprietor:

DANCER
You seem to be annoyed. What's going on?

DANCER
T'as l'air embêté. Qu'est ce qui se passe?

PROPRIETOR
I wonder what those Americans are doing here?

PROPRIETOR
Je me demande ce que ces Américains viennent fout'ici.

Later, Sophie walks down the steps. A girl says to her:

GIRL
There are some Americans here.

GIRL
Il y a des Américains ici.

PROPRIETRESS
She's in black. All Americans are in black.

PROPRIETRESS
Elle est en noir. Toutes les Américains frusquées comme ça.

52

52 (Cont.)

ISABEL
I'm not scared -- I like it.

Larry winks at Maugham.

MAUGHAM
(picking up the mood)
The Police might easily choose this very moment to raid it.

ISABEL
(well aware she is being kidded; throws back the ball)
I should be thrilled to the marrow!

GRAY
Remember Sophie MacDonald?

LARRY
Of course. How is she?

ISABEL
Well, it's a long story....What about her, Gray?

GRAY
As we came in, I saw a dead-ringer for her at the bar, there...
(points)
...with her back this way.

ISABEL
(looking)
Where? ... Smoky, isn't it.

They all look, and CAMERA PANS OVER to what they are looking at. It is Sophie, and she is staring at Isabel and the others. She is outrageously made up, her cheeks rouged, eyebrows thick with mascara. She wears a silk blouse and short black skirt, looks not unlike the other women in the room. And she is quite tight! She pushes back her chair, gets unsteadily to her feet and comes across the room toward the table.

SOPHIE
Well, well, look who's here.

Isabel is watching her with dismay. Larry, staring as if he could not believe his eyes, gets up, as do Gray and Maugham. Isabel forces a smile of greeting.

(CONTINUED)

52

52 (Cont. 1)

ISABEL
Sophie!

SOPHIE
Who'd you think it was?
(grabbing a passing waiter)
Vincent, une chaise!

WAITER
Prends la toi- meme, eh, feignante!

A big fat man with a great head of greasy hair who is sitting next to the table in his shirt sleeves whirls a chair around.

MAN
T'en fais pas, Sophie, voila!

SOPHIE
(still swaying)
Fancy meeting you all like this.
(slaps Larry on the back)
Hello, Larry.

LARRY
(smiling at her)
Hello, Brown Eyes. How are you.

He treats her now - and through the scene -exactly as he did back in Chicago.

SOPHIE
Thirsty. Let's all have a drink.
(loudly)
Patron!

She sinks into a chair as the proprietor comes in.

PROPRIETOR
Tu connais ces messieurs dames, Sophie?

SOPHIE
(drunkenly)
Do I know them? They're my childhood friends.

MAUGHAM
Donnez nous une bouteille de champagne.

PROPRIETOR
T'es saoule, ma pauvre Sophie.

(CONTINUED)

(See following pink page for added line of French dialogue)

Dialogue additions and Changes
Page 92, Scene 52
INT. BAL AU TANGO DU CHAT

Addition to line in script:

PROPRIETOR
T'es encore saoule, ma pauvre Sophie.

52 (Cont. 2)

SOPHIE
(belligerently)
Ta Gueule! Who says I'm drunk?
(staring at Maugham)
I know you. You came to Chicago.
Bit of a stuffed shirt, aren't you?

MAUGHAM
(smiling)
Maybe.

SOPHIE
(to all of them)
I can't say you seem so terribly
pleased to see me.

ISABEL
I heard you were in Paris.

SOPHIE
You might have called me. I'm in
the phone book.

ISABEL
(lamely)
Oh, are you?

There is an embarrassed silence. Sophie is looking them over through glassy eyes.

GRAY
(to cover his
embarrassment)
Having a good time over here, Sophie?

SOPHIE
Fine....You went bust, didn't you Gray?

GRAY
(embarrassed)
Yes.

SOPHIE
Tough on you. I guess it's pretty
grim in Chicago right now. Lucky
for me I got out when I did.
(looking around)
Where're those drinks? ——→ (See following pink page for added line of French dialogu

MAUGHAM
They're just coming.

(CONTINUED)

(See following pink page A for added French lines)

Dialogue Additions and Changes
Page 93, Scene 52
INT. BAL AU TANGO DU CHAT

SOPHIE

Tough on you. I guess it's pretty grim in Chicago right now. Lucky for me I got out when I did.

(looking around)

Where're those drinks? Bring the glasses, you flower of squash (i.e. "you dope")

SOPHIE

Amenes les verres, he fleur de courges!

52 (Cont. 3)

The proprietor comes in with glasses and a bottle of champagne, which he opens and serves.

SOPHIE
My loving in-laws kicked me out of Chicago. Said I was gumming up their reputations. Stuffed shirts!
(eagerly reaching for her drink before the other glasses are filled)
Here's luck.

With shaking hands she raises her drink to her lips. A man comes over to the table. He is well-built, with a mat of shining black hair. He wears no collar.

MAN
Tu Viens, Sophie, on va en danser une.

SOPHIE
Oh, la paix. Tu vois donc pas que je suis avec des amis?

MAN
(catching her arm)
Tes copains, j'm'en fous. Allez, viens, on dance.

She gives him an angry push. Gives out in sudden violence.

SOPHIE
Take your dirty hands off me!

MAN
Salope, va!

Suddenly the man raises his arm with his hand open and is about to slap her when Larry rises.

LARRY
(with quiet authority)
Get out of here.

(See following pink page for additional line of French dialogue used here.)

The man stops and looks at Larry. Sophie bursts into quick laughter.

SOPHIE
Look out, Coco. He's the quiet type. He'll lay you out cold.

(CONTINUED)

52

Added French Dialogue
Scene 52, Page 93
INT. CAFE BAL AU TANGO DU CHAT

ADDITION ON THE CLOSEUP CUT:

Sophie asks "where are those drinks?" and when proprietor comes in with the champagne, man in background says:

MAN	MAN
Crache dans les verres.	Spit in the glasses.

He looks at Coco, and when Coco moves into closeup, says:

V'la Coco qui rapplique.	Coco is coming now.

Dialogue Additions and Changes
Page 94, Scene 52,
INT. BAL AU TANGO DU CHAT

MAN
(as Gray pushes him away from Sophie)
Herd of cows!

MAN
(as Gray pushes him away from Sophie)
Bande de vaches!

52

52 (Cont. 4)

The man looks at Larry, shrugs.

MAN
Tas de salauds!

He goes off. Maugham reaches over and refills Sophie's glass.

ISABEL
(sickened by all this)
Is that a friend of yours, Sophie?

SOPHIE
(looking Isabel straight in the eye)
Yes, that's a friend of mine, Isabel.

There is a slight pause.

GRAY
(again, to cover the moment of embarrassment)
This champagne's pretty terrible.

SOPHIE
You're not obliged to drink it.

She turns her attention to Larry, ignoring the others.

SOPHIE
You living in Paris now, Larry?

LARRY
Yes, I am, Sophie.

SOPHIE
(drunkenly)
Remember the summer just before the war?

LARRY
Sure.

SOPHIE
We saw a lot of each other then.

ISABEL
(frowning)
When?

(CONTINUED)

52 (Cont. 5)

SOPHIE
When you and your mother were being social. We used to read poetry together. Remember, Larry?

LARRY
You used to write some poetry yourself in those days.

SOPHIE
Pretty good too, wasn't it?

LARRY
(smiling)
Not bad for a kid.

SOPHIE
(nodding drunkenly)
It was pretty good.

She gets to her feet.

SOPHIE
Well, I'd better get back to my boy friend, or he'll raise the roof.
(grinning at Isabel)
He's a sulky brute, but quite a man.
(to Larry)
Come and see me when you've nothing better to do. I've got a case of Scotch.
(as she moves off)
So long, folks. Come again. I'm here every night.

(See following pink page for additional French lines used in this scene)

The men rise and look after her as she staggers back through the crowded room toward a table. The man who asked her to dance gets up as she goes by, catches her arm, and turns her around. With a laugh she goes into his arms and they start to dance.

ISABEL
(getting up)
This is a foul place. Let's go.

Maugham gets up and puts money on the table.

MAUGHAM
Well, I warned you.

Isabel starts out, without a glance back at Sophie. Larry is the last to leave. His eyes linger after Sophie.

DISSOLVE TO:

Added French Dialogue
Scene 52, Page 96
INT. CAFE BAL AU TANGO DU CHAT

COCO
(to some of the men)
The Americans start to get on my nerves.

FIRST GUY
If they keep on, they are going to be thrown out.

OTHER GUY
Do you want us to take care of it, Coco?

DANCER
Let's go!

FIRST GUY
A good slash of a knife in the belly, and we don't have to talk about them any more.

OTHER GUY
Take it easy -- you could have trouble.

FIRST GUY
Cops! -- I don't give a damn about them!

COCO
You're yellow.

OTHER GUY
You think a guy like me gets cold feet?

DANCER
We know you -- you don't eat the laundry!
(i.e. "You are bragging!")

COCO
(to some of the men)
Les Americains ils commencent nous cavaler.

FIRST GUY
S'ils continnent y vont s'faire mettre en l'air.

OTHER GUY
Tu veux qu'on s'en occupe, Coco?

DANCER
Allons y!

FIRST GUY
Un bon coup de lingue dans le bid, et on n'en parle plus.

OTHER GUY
Fais graffe, tu pourrais avoir du petard.

FIRST GUY
Les flics! -- Moi, je m'en tape!

COCO
T'as les foies.

OTHER GUY
Tu crois qu'un mec comme moi se dégonfle?

DANCER
On te connais, tu bouffes pas le linge.

During the talking the proprietor interrupts and says:

PROPRIETOR
Shut your mouth and no noise! Otherwise we'll have the cops in the joint....

PROPRIETOR
Ça va, bouclez la! vos gueules et pas de pétard! Sans cela on aura les flics dans la tôle....

53 INT. ELLIOTT'S TOWN CAR - NIGHT

Isabel, Gray and Maugham are seated in the back seat - Larry on one of the short seats. There is a moment of silence. Larry has a faraway, inscrutable look on his face. Much of the succeeding scene is played over his face, for his reaction.

MAUGHAM
I'm afraid that was not a great success.

GRAY
Some shock to see Sophie. Boy! Was she tight!

MAUGHAM
If not worse.

Isabel looks at him keenly.

ISABEL
That's funny. I got the same impression....Do you remember her at all?

MAUGHAM
Very well. I liked her. I remember her husband.

GRAY
You never saw two people so crazy about each other. They got to be a regular joke around Chicago.

LARRY
What happened?

ISABEL
(surprised)
Didn't you know? Bob and the baby were killed. A car hit them.

LARRY
Oh!
(after a slight pause)
So that's what it is....

GRAY
She nearly went crazy.

(CONTINUED)

53 (Cont.)

ISABEL
We did all we could to help her, but it was no good. If you asked her to dinner, she'd come in plastered and pass out before the evening was over. At last we simply had to drop her.

GRAY
She became impossible, poor thing. She was arrested once for drunken driving.

ISABEL
Of course it was a shock and I was terribly sorry for her. But a normal person recovers. If she went to pieces it's because she was always unbalanced. Even her love for Bob was exaggerated. Aren't I right, Larry.

Maugham is watching Isabel closely.

LARRY
No -- I don't agree with you, Isabel. She was as normal as any person I've ever known.
(with a smile)
Remember, I knew her better than you did.

ISABEL
(suddenly suspicious)
Was she in love with you?

LARRY
(with a laugh)
Good heavens, no! She was only a kid. A skinny little girl with a bow in her hair. I remember her crying one day when I was reading an ode of Keats because it was so beautiful.

ISABEL
(unimpressed)
Girls of that age are very emotional.

LARRY
There was a lot to her in those days. She had what Keats probably would have called a sort of lovely purity and a real loftiness of soul.

(CONTINUED)

53 (Cont. 1)

Larry leans forward and touches the chauffeur's arm.

LARRY
Will you stop, please? I'd like to get out at the next corner.

GRAY
Hey, you're not running out on us, are you?

LARRY
Yes. My hotel is only a step from here.

ISABEL
(with a slight frown)
Must you? It's early yet?

The car pulls up to the curb. Larry gets out and pauses in the open door of the car.

ISABEL
Will we see you?

LARRY
Of course.

ISABEL
We're going to Vitel with Uncle Elliott on Thursday. He wants to take the cure. We'll be back by the first of the month. I'll call you.

LARRY
Fine. Well, good night.
(to Maugham)
And thanks for the dinner.

He closes the door and the car moves off...He stands looking back toward the restaurant where they met Sophie. Then he starts off in that direction..... We CUT BACK to the INT. OF THE CAR. There is a look of perplexity and annoyance on Isabel's face.

ISABEL
You know, he worries me.

GRAY
(innocently)
Why?

(CONTINUED)

53 (Cont. 2)

ISABEL
He behaves so strangely. What d'you suppose he's up to now?

MAUGHAM
(to tease her)
Maybe he's got a date with one of his old girls.

She shoots him a quick, angry look.

GRAY
(chuckling)
I always figured he had something tucked away on the side somewhere.

ISABEL
(giving them both angry looks)
I know all about Larry. There isn't anybody. There never was.

Gray looks at Maugham and winks broadly.

ISABEL
(her voice sharp)
I'm tired. Let's go home.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 INT. SOPHIE'S ROOM IN PARIS - DAY

It is a large, bed-living-studio room. Perpendicular shafts of midday sun are cutting down through slits and gashes in the old shawl slung carelessly across the north top window. Slight gusts of wind throw the shadows about the room, giving it a sense of waiting for something to happen here. Church bells striking twelve somewhere outside. A much-travelled trunk. A few of its drawers are open. Ends of blouses and stockings are hanging from them...On a table are some finished bottles, two glasses not far apart.. a chair with a blouse and a skirt across it...and a girl, sleeping awkwardly on a low, divan bed which is fitted into its recess in the wall....Sophie sleeping, her back twisted as if from a painful dream. The door opens, and a woman of about fifty-five comes in. She is a blowzy, heavily painted creature with a lot of cheap jewelry. We follow her across to a couch on which Sophie is stretched out, asleep. On floor beside the couch is a half-empty glass of whiskey. The woman bends over Sophie.

WOMAN
Leve-toi, la mome ! Derouilles-les !

(CONTINUED)

52

54 (Cont.)

Sophie moans and starts to turn over. We realize she has been drinking heavily. The woman shakes her.

WOMAN
Sophie! He! Leve-toi que j'te dis. Y a un type la qui veut t'voir!

(See following pink page for additional French lines used in this scene)

SOPHIE
(drowsily)
Fous-moi la paix, -j'veux dormir...

WOMAN
(insistently)
Mais c'est qu'il insiste. Y dit qu'c'est urgent.

SOPHIE
Oh! c'est encore Coco--balance-le! J'veux pas le voir...J'veux voir Personne que j'te dis.

WOMAN
(jerking her head toward door)
Non! Mais non, c'est pas l'Coco... C't un vrai MONSIEUR....comme qui dirait un GENTLEMAN.

Sophie now turns over and looks past the woman. A frown comes into her face as she sees Larry standing in the doorway, a smile on his face.

LARRY
Hi.

SOPHIE
(brusquely)
What d'you want?

Larry comes into the room.

LARRY
You said you had a case of Scotch. I thought you might buy me a drink.

The woman gives Larry an approving smile as she goes out and carefully closes the door.

SOPHIE
You'd better get out of here. If Coco finds you here you're liable to wake up with a knife in your back.

(CONTINUED)

Added French Dialogue
Scene 54, Page 101
SOPHIE'S ROOM

GIRL
(from outside)
Sophie! Sophie! Hey, Sophie!

SOPHIE
(coming to door)
What?

GIRL
You've got a visitor.

SOPHIE
Who? I want to sleep.

GIRL
He insists it's urgent.

SOPHIE
Coco?

GIRL
No, it's the young dark one who was at the boite --the American.

GIRL
(from outside)
Sophie! Sophie! Hé, Sophie!

SOPHIE
(coming to door)
Quoi?

GIRL
Y a quelqu'un qui veut te voir.

SOPHIE
Qui? Je veux dormir.

GIRL
Il insiste, y dit que c'est urgent.

SOPHIE
Coco?

GIRL
Non, c'est le grand brun celui qu'etait à la boite--L'Americain.

52

54 (Cont. 1)

She is definitely on the defensive here, suspicious and resentful. Larry is at ease as always, and he behaves toward her exactly as he would had they been back in Chicago...He moves over to the table where the liquor is.

LARRY
(taking up bottle)
Not even a little one?

SOPHIE
(sharply)
No!

She watches him pull the cork from the bottle. Then she sits up, pulling a dressing gown about her.

SOPHIE
Okay - just a little one. But make it snappy. I don't want any trouble.

He starts to pour a drink.

SOPHIE
They know you were coming here?

LARRY
Who's they?

SOPHIE
Your Chicago friends.

LARRY
No, it was my own idea. Water?

SOPHIE
No.

He hands her a straight drink and she tosses it off in one gulp. Larry pours himself a drink, adds a little water. She gets up from the couch.

SOPHIE
You know, I had an idea something like this would happen. I saw the way you all looked at me last night!

She takes a couple of paces up and down, seething inside.

SOPHIE
Isabel giving me that 'I heard you were in Paris' stuff! And Gray with his 'Having a good time over here, Sophie?'... I can just hear 'em now.

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont. 2)

SOPHIE (Cont.)
(mimicking)
'Isn't it a shame about poor Sophie MacDonald? She's taken to drink, you know.' Humph! I'll say she's taken to drink! And that ain't all!....' bet they can't wait to get back to Chicago. 'My dear, guess who - whom - we ran into in the most revolting dive in Paris? Sophie MacDonald! And was she lit!'
(with a short, contemptuous laugh)
Oh, baby, will they pour it on!

Larry takes a drink.

LARRY
What d'you say we drive out in the country and have dinner together?

She turns and looks at him, surprised.

SOPHIE
Dinner with you?

LARRY
(smiling)
What's so bad about that?

She stares at him for a moment, then again she scowls at him - still suspicious and resentful.

SOPHIE
Listen, Larry, if you've come up here with the idea of picking me out of the gutter, you're wasting your time! It's my gutter and I happen to like it! Is that clear?

Larry continues to smile at her in that gentle friendly way without being in the least patronizing or critical.

LARRY
Very clear. But you don't have to get on your high horse with me. Just powder your nose and come on. I've rented a car by the hour. I'm no millionaire, you know.

She looks directly at him for a moment - realizes that he is not like the others - that he is not being censorious, but just the same friendly guy she used to know. She is touched. There is a pause. Then she turns and

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont. 3)

without a word goes over, kneels down beside the bed and reaches under the mattress. She brings out a small photograph folder, which she takes across to Larry.

SOPHIE
I don't believe you've ever seen this.

Larry takes the folder, opens it, and we see that it is a picture of Bob and the baby. He studies it for a long time.

LARRY
Nice.

He hands it back to her and she stares at the photograph.

LARRY
(after a long moment)
Shall we go?

SOPHIE
Look at me, Larry. Take a good look. You can see what I am. Or would you like me to spell it out?

LARRY
Sure, I know what you are. You're the best shortstop I ever had on my team. Now come on - I can't stand to think of the rent I'm paying on that car going to waste.

She shakes her head and her eyes suddenly fill with tears. For a long moment she stares at him through her tears. Then suddenly she breaks. All the pent-up emotion of the past is released. Sobbing, she turns away and leans against the mantel. Larry stands watching her, a look of understanding and compassion in his face. But he does not touch her, does not try to stop her.

SOPHIE
(sobbing)
I can't go with you, Larry! I don't want to go with you! So please go on and get out of here! I don't want you or anyone else wasting pity on me. I'm what I am because that's the way I want it. And I'm not going to try to explain it, either. You wouldn't understand it if I did. Nobody could. All I know is I was living in Heaven and I lost it -- and that now there isn't anything for me and there never will be. So just go away please and leave me alone. And for God's sake, don't ever come back!

(CONTINUED)

54 (Cont. 4)

She continues to sob, uncontrollably. A pause. Larry moves closer.

LARRY
(quietly)
You'd better bring along a coat.
It might be chilly driving back.

Her sobs are becoming inaudible now, but they continue to wrack her body keep down inside. He reaches out and takes her hand. Her fingers cling to his hand. We HOLD on this for a long moment, Sophie's face still hidden from him. Then we

FADE OUT

FADE IN

54A INT. LOBBY OF LARRY'S HOTEL - DAY

The lobby is deserted except for the concierge and his wife. The concierge is talking on the phone.

CONCIERGE
(in French)
No - no - Monsieur Darrell has not returned. Would you care to leave a message?
(he listens for a moment - then:)
Yes - yes - very well ---

WIFE
(in French - to concierge)
Here he is -- Monsieur Darrell is coming...

The concierge looks off, sees Larry in the doorway.

CONCIERGE
(into phone, in French)
One moment, madame - Monsieur Darrell has just returned.

Larry enters, goes to phone.

LARRY
(at phone)
Hello...

CUT TO:

54B INT. LIBRARY OF ELLIOTT'S HOUSE

Isabel is at the phone.

ISABEL
At last! I've been trying to reach you for hours!
(laughing)
Aren't you <u>ever</u> in?

BACK TO:

54C LARRY - AT PHONE

LARRY
(laughing)
Hardly ever. When did you get back?

BACK TO:

52

54D ISABEL

ISABEL
This morning. Uncle Elliott insisted on being here in time for Elsa's soiree tonight. Poor dear, he's not at all well, but he will go to all these parties.

BACK TO:

54E LARRY

LARRY
How's Gray getting along?

BACK TO:

54F ISABEL

ISABEL
Oh Larry -- you've simply done wonders for him. He's started to play golf again.
(laughing)
He blames it all on you....And what have <u>you</u> been doing?

BACK TO:

54G LARRY

LARRY
Oh, one thing and another. I've seen a lot of Sophie.

BACK TO:

54H ISABEL

ISABEL
Really? Why?

BACK TO:

54-I LARRY

LARRY
Well after all, she's an old friend.

BACK TO:

52

54J ISABEL

ISABEL
(slightly disturbed)
If you want my opinion, I think you're wasting your time.

BACK TO:

54K LARRY

LARRY
She's stopped drinking.

BACK TO:

54L ISABEL

ISABEL
Oh Larry, you're the most gullible person I've ever known. She'll never stop drinking! Sophie wallows in the gutter because she likes it. A blind person could see that.

BACK TO:

54M LARRY

LARRY
(after a pause)
Just the same, I wish you'd be nice to her, Isabel. We're going to be married.

BACK TO:

54N ISABEL

ISABEL
What?! Married!

BACK TO:

54-O LARRY

LARRY
It's true. It's all settled.

BACK TO:

54P ISABEL

ISABEL
You're not serious! You can't be!

BACK TO:

52

54Q LARRY

LARRY

But I am.
(with a twinkle
in his eye)
Aren't you going to congratulate
me?

BACK TO:

54R ISABEL

ISABEL

(livid)
I am <u>not</u>! I think you're - you're --

In exasperation, she slams down the receiver.

CUT TO:

54S LARRY

He slowly replaces the receiver, stares at the phone for a second; then a trace of a smile crosses his face. Then he shrugs his shoulders, turns and goes up the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

52

55 ELLIOTT'S DRAWING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Isabel, angry and frustrated, is crossing to the door. She throws open the door, disclosing Maugham. (Tea things already on table.)

ISABEL
What's kept you? You've been hours!

MAUGHAM
(as he comes in)
I came the instant I got your call. What's happened?

ISABEL
(in a rage)
It's about Larry and Sophie! The idiot! The stupid, blind idiot! He must be mad!

MAUGHAM
(unruffled)
If you'd calm down a moment perhaps I might be able to make head or tail of what you're trying to say.

ISABEL
He's going to marry her!

MAUGHAM
Oh! How do you know?

ISABEL
How should I know? He's just called me on the phone. I'm frantic!

MAUGHAM
So I see.

ISABEL
He even had the effrontery to ask me to be nice to her!

MAUGHAM
Well, it's his own affair, isn't it?

ISABEL
(her eyes flashing with anger)
She's an awful woman. She's bad! Bad! Bad! She's soused from morning till night. And men!

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.)

Maugham sits down, not the least ruffled by her behavior.

MAUGHAM
That doesn't necessarily mean she's bad. Quite a number of respectable citizens get drunk and have a liking for rough trade. They're bad habits, like biting one's nails, but I don't know that they're worse than that. I call a person bad who lies and cheats and is unkind.

ISABEL
(fiercely)
If you're going to take her part, I'll kill you!

MAUGHAM
(calmly)
I'd prefer it if you gave me a cup of tea.

ISABEL
Help yourself!
(she starts to pace again)
He's seen a lot of her since we were at that dive that night. He says she's quit drinking. The fool thinks he's cured her.

Maugham proceeds to pour himself a cup of tea.

MAUGHAM
Have you forgotten what he did for Gray?

ISABEL
(distracted)
That had nothing to do with it. Gray wanted to be cured. She doesn't.

MAUGHAM
How do you know?

ISABEL
Because I know women. Do you think she'll stick to Larry? Of course not. Sooner or later she'll break out. It's in her blood. It's a brute she wants. That's what excites her. And it's a brute she'll go after. She'll lead Larry to hell.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.1)

MAUGHAM
(settling back
with his tea)
That's very probable, but I don't see what you can do about it.

ISABEL
I can do nothing about it, but you can.

MAUGHAM
I?

ISABEL
Larry likes you and he listens to what you say. You know the world. Go to him and tell him he can't make such a fool of himself. Tell him that it'll ruin him.

MAUGHAM
He'd only tell me it's none of my business, and he'd be quite right.
(drinks)
It may not turn out so badly as you think.

ISABEL
(furiously)
You make me tired! She's rotten to the core. D'you think I've sacrificed myself only to let Larry fall into the hands of a woman like that?

MAUGHAM
How did you sacrifice yourself?

ISABEL
I gave up Larry for one reason only - because I didn't want to stand in his way.

MAUGHAM
Come off it, Isabel. You gave him up for a square-cut diamond and a sable coat.

The words are hardly out of his mouth before a plate of bread and butter comes flying at his head. Coolly, he picks up the plate, puts it back on the table.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.2)

MAUGHAM
Your Uncle Elliott wouldn't have thanked you if you'd broken one of his Crown Derby plates. They were made for the Duchess of Dorset and they're priceless.

ISABEL
(snapping, maddened by his calmness)
Pick up that bread and butter!

MAUGHAM
Pick it up yourself.

Fuming, she starts to pick up the scattered pieces.

ISABEL
(savagely)
And you call yourself an English gentleman.

MAUGHAM
No, that's one thing I've never done.

ISABEL
(furiously)
Get out of here. I never want to see you again. I hate the sight of you.

MAUGHAM
(unperturbed)
I'm sorry for that, because the sight of you always gives me pleasure.

She looks at him for a moment as if she could murder him.

MAUGHAM
Have you ever been told that your nose is exactly like that of the Psyche in the Museum of Naples? And that's the loveliest representation of virginal beauty that ever existed. You've got exquisite legs, so long and shapely. I never cease to be surprised at them, because they were thick and lumpy when I first saw you. I can't imagine how you've managed it.

(CONTINUED)

55 (Cont.3)

ISABEL
(still fuming)
An iron will and the grace of God.

MAUGHAM
But of course your hands are your most fascinating feature. They're so slim and elegant.

Isabel begins to look at her hands.

ISABEL
I was under the impression you thought them too big.

MAUGHAM
Not for your height and build. I'm always amazed at the infinite grace with which you use them. Whether by nature or by art, you never make a gesture without imparting beauty to it. They're like flowers sometimes, and sometimes like birds on the wing.

She turns to him and smiles, in spite of herself.

ISABEL
There are moments when I don't positively dislike you. In fact, sometimes I think you're rather sweet.

And she reaches over to kiss him on the cheek.

MAUGHAM
I will not have my face smeared with lipstick. If you want to kiss me, kiss me on the lips, which is what a merciful Providence intended them for.

She kisses him.

MAUGHAM
Thank you. And now what is it you want?

ISABEL
(like a bad little girl)
Advice.

(CONTINUED)

52

55 (Cont.4)

MAUGHAM
There's only one thing you can do. Make the best of a bad job. Larry's in the grip of the most powerful emotion that can beset the breast of man. Self-sacrifice. He's got to save the soul of the wretched woman whom he had known as an innocent child. And there's nothing you or I or anyone can do to prevent it.

ISABEL
(after a pause, frowning)
But he's going to be so unhappy.

MAUGHAM
(with a searching look)
Do you love him very much?

ISABEL
(nodding and managing a smile)
It's a nuisance, isn't it?...I can't help it.

MAUGHAM
You don't want to lose him altogether?
(as she shakes her head)
Then make friends with Sophie, and be as nice to her as you can.

For a moment she reflects. Then she makes a gesture of lassitude as if ready to accept the inevitable.

ISABEL
Ask her to lunch. It would be rather awkward for me after what I've just said to Larry.

MAUGHAM
Will you behave if I do?

ISABEL
(with her most engaging smile)
Like an angel of light.

(CONTINUED)

52

55 (Cont.5)

MAUGHAM
I'll fix it up. One o'clock tomorrow at the Ritz.

Then something in Isabel's calmness causes him misgivings.

MAUGHAM
What are you thinking? I don't quite like the look of you.

ISABEL
(smiling sweetly)
I'm sorry. I thought that was the one thing about me you did like.

MAUGHAM
(suspiciously)
You haven't got some scheme you've been hatching up?

ISABEL
(opening her eyes wide and innocent)
I promise you I haven't. As a matter of fact, I'm terribly curious to see what she looks like now that Larry's reformed her. All I hope is that she doesn't show up at the Ritz in that awful makeup.

He still watches, not so damned sure his suspicions aren't justified.

DISSOLVE TO:

52

56 RITZ COCKTAIL LOUNGE - DAY - AT DOOR

Larry appears in the doorway, looks around for a moment as though searching for some one. Sophie comes in and he turns to meet her. The change in her appearance is shocking. Whereas in the dive she had been outrageously painted, now she looks almost drab. She has a new dress, a new hat, new shoes and purse. The dress is dull. It couldn't have cost much. She is nervous, jumpy, restless throughout the scene -- as the chronic alcoholic naturally is.

SOPHIE
(touching her hat - in low voice to Larry)
Like it?

LARRY
Swell.
(looking her over)
You look fine.

She smiles at him gratefully. Isabel comes forward to greet them. She wears a very simple black dress and black hat, her only ornament being a string of pearls.

ISABEL
(with a smile)
Sophie, I'm so happy for you!

She kisses Sophie on the cheek.

ISABEL
(to Larry)
Hello, Larry.

LARRY
(with a smile)
Hello...

Isabel leads them back to Maugham and Gray who are standing in a corner ordering cocktails. As they follow Isabel, Larry catches sight of Miss Keith, who is seated with the Princess Edna Novemali and several other gay people. Larry nods to Miss Keith, who nods and smiles back at him. They come up to Maugham and Gray, who greet them and offer ad lib congratulations.

LARRY
(to Maugham)
Thanks for asking us.

Maugham smiles, and Larry turns to Gray.

(CONTINUED)

Added Dialogue
THE RAZOR'S EDGE
Scene 56, Page 112
RITZ COCKTAIL LOUNGE

At the opening of the scene, Albert is on the phone saying

ALBERT

Hotel Ritz. Yes, madame-- a table for five persons for eight o'clock. Good, madame. It's all right.

ALBERT

Hotel Ritz. Oui, madame--une table pour cinq personnes pour huit heures. Bien, madame; entendu.

While he is talking in the background, a lady in the foreground at a table says to her escort:

LADY

One says that she is so beautiful--ravishing--alive. But it is the hairdo, the makeup, and the dresses.....
(laughs)
At the time of the Flood, she already wasn't so young!
(laughs)
But she is charming...she is a good friend.

LADY

On dit qu'elle est tellement jolie, ravissante, vivante, mais c'est la coiffure, le maquillage, et les robes.....
(laughs)
Au temps de l'inondation, elle n'etait déja pas si jeune!
(laughs)
Mais elle est charmante....c'est une bonne amie.

52

56 (Cont.)

LARRY
(to Gray)
Isabel tells me you're feeling better.

GRAY
(enthusiastically)
Better isn't the word for it -- I feel great! I haven't had to take a sleeping pill since that night we went out together.
(with a laugh)
I'm your press agent. If you want to hang out your shingle, let me know.

The waiter comes in with three cocktails, holds one out to Sophie.

SOPHIE
(after slightest hesitation)
No, thanks.

Her eyes are on the cocktails, however. We know she is dying for one. Waiter offers one to Larry.

LARRY
No, thanks.

ISABEL
(taking a cocktail)
You don't mind if we do?

SOPHIE
Oh no! Of course not.

LARRY
Go right ahead.

ISABEL
(looking off)
Look! -- Uncle Elliott!

As they look off we see Elliott making his way toward them, his progress impeded by the hands he has to shake and those he has to kiss. He seems to know everybody. He pauses at the Princess Novemali's table, greets her and her guests, kisses the Princess Novemali's hand and stands there for a moment chatting with her.

(CONTINUED)

(See following pink page for added lines of French and English dialogue used here)

Added Dialogue
Scene 56, Page 113
RITZ COCKTAIL LOUNGE

After Elliott pats the Princess' hand:

PRINCESS
(in English)
I'd rather not discuss it.

HER ESCORT
Let's have lunch.

PRINCESS

HER ESCORT
Allons déjeuner.

52

56 (Cont. 1)

ISABEL'S VOICE
(over this)
He behaves exactly as if the Ritz were his private house. I'm sure he's telling them all how pleased he is they were able to accept his invitation.

As he comes up to the table, Elliott is steaming.

ELLIOTT
(muttering)
That bloody woman!
(quickly changing, as he graciously pays court to Sophie)
How do you do? It's charming to see you again. May I offer you my best wishes? I hope you'll be very happy.

SOPHIE
Thank you.

ELLIOTT
(to Larry)
Same to you.

LARRY
(amused)
Thanks.

MAUGHAM
Cocktail, Elliott?

ELLIOTT
No, I would not like a cocktail. I drink nothing but Vichy...
(he turns and looks back toward the Princess' table)
Look at her -- you all know her, of course, the Princess Edna Novemali. You'd never know she was an American, but I knew her before she came over here - from Milwaukee...
(pause)
And that ghastly old-maid secretary of hers. If you ask me, they look like a couple of fugitives from Madame Tussaud's Wax Museum.

(CONTINUED)

52

56 (Cont. 2)

MAUGHAM
(ribbing him)
Nevertheless, you and the Princess seem very friendly again.

ELLIOTT
But she always upsets me. Imagine accusing me of spreading gossip when everybody knows that if there's one thing in the world I dislike it's a gossip! Really, it's infuriating... I'm hungry -- let's have lunch.

He turns away toward the dining room. Gray and Isabel have tossed off their drinks. They set their glasses down and follow with Sophie and Larry. Maugham lingers for a moment to speak to a waiter.

MAUGHAM
Save this place, will you. We'll come back for coffee.

WAITER
Oui, Monsieur.

DISSOLVE TO:

(See following pink page for added lines of dialogue used here)

Added Dialogue
Scene 56, Page 115
RITZ COCKTAIL LOUNGE

At the end of the shot two American ladies come close to the camera:

FIRST WOMAN
That's the funniest thing I've ever heard.

SECOND WOMAN
Amusing!

FIRST WOMAN
And she's not even here!

SECOND WOMAN
Let's have a cocktail while we wait.

52

57 SAME CORNER OF COCKTAIL LOUNGE - A SHORT TIME LATER

Elliott's VOICE continues as the new scene comes into focus...Music is heard now. They are all seated having coffee.

ELLIOTT
(to Sophie)
And where will you and Larry go on your honeymoon, my dear?

SOPHIE
(to Larry)
Greece, isn't it?

Isabel shoots a sharp glance at Larry.

ISABEL
Greece!

Maugham is watching Isabel closely, still a little uneasy.

MAUGHAM
(quickly)
It ought to be lovely there this time of year.

Isabel glances at him -- quickly shows proper enthusiasm.

ISABEL
Lovely!

The wine waiter comes up at this moment with a tray of assorted liqueurs.

MAUGHAM
How about a liqueur, Gray?

GRAY
Thanks, I think I will.

Meanwhile the waiter has handed a bottle to Elliott for his inspection. He looks at it carefully and nods.

ELLIOTT
Oh, yes -- this --

He sniffs it, then, not knowing the drama behind the situation, holds the bottle under Sophie's nose for her to sniff.

SOPHIE
No, thanks.

(CONTINUED)

52

57 (Cont.)

ELLIOTT
You're very foolish, my dear. It's excellent.

ISABEL
(quickly)
No, Uncle Elliott! She doesn't want it.

Elliott is a bit bewildered by her force, takes another sniff, then hands the bottle back to the waiter. Sophie's eyes are on the bottle and we know she is now dying for a drink. Maugham, watching -- watching Isabel too -- sees that the spirit seems gone out of Sophie, suspects that Larry is putting her to a strain greater than she can support.

ALBERT
(to Elliott)
A little glass for Monsieur?

ELLIOTT
Alas, it's forbidden me. The doctors won't let me touch alcohol.

ALBERT
A tear of perzovka could do Monsieur no harm.

ELLIOTT
(brightening up)
Perzovka? I'll just have a look at the bottle.

Albert turns to the tray to get the perzovka.

MAUGHAM
(to Elliott)
I'm sorry to hear you've been ill, Elliott. You ought to take care of yourself. You look a trifle frazzled.

ELLIOTT
Frazzled?

MAUGHAM
(with a sly smile)
At your age shouldn't you be giving up some of your social activities?

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont.1)

ELLIOTT
(eyebrows rising)
I should not! And I'll have you know that I do not find your allusion to my age amusing!

Maugham laughs. Albert returns with the bottle of perzovka, which he holds insinuatingly, about to pour into Elliott's glass.

ELLIOTT
(warningly)
A drop. Two drops, perhaps.
(as the waiter pours)
It can't hurt me for once. We used to drink it at the Radziwills when I stayed with them for the shooting. You should have seen those Polish princes putting it away. They'd drink it by the tumbler and never turn a hair.
(to Sophie)
I don't care whether Sophie's on the wagon or not, she must try this. It's an experience no one can miss. It's like listening to music by moonlight.

SOPHIE
(shakily)
I'd rather not.

Isabel watches Sophie and Maugham looks at her, as she accepts a glass from Elliott. She smells it, becomes ecstatic over it.

ISABEL
Nice smell!

ELLIOTT
That's the herbs they put in it.

ISAREL
(taking a sip)
Oh, very good!
(to Elliott)
Can we have some of this at the apartment?

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont.2)

ELLIOTT
(pleased to find his verdict justified)
Certainly. I'll have a few bottles sent around.

ISABEL
What did you say it was like, Uncle Elliott? -- like listening to music by moonlight?

Elliott nods.

ISABEL
(taking another sip)
It is....

Larry looks from Sophie to Isabel. Maugham is watching Isabel curiously, knowing that it is unlike Isabel to gush so. Isabel turns to Sophie.

ISABEL
Sophie --

SOPHIE
Yes?

ISABEL
I saw the most divine wedding dress at Molyneaux's. Will you let me give it to you for a wedding present? Uncle Elliott and me.

Elliott blinks at such generosity with his money. Sophie looks questioningly at Larry. Maugham is still watching Isabel, not quite sure yet about her.

LARRY
That's very nice of you, Isabel, but Sophie has already got one picked out.

ISABEL
(quickly)
Don't be stuffy, Larry. Let us give her a dress. I'll call Molyneaux's and arrange a fitting.
(pointedly, to Larry)
May she?

(CONTINUED)

57 (Cont.3)

LARRY
(smiling)
Certainly. It's very nice of you.

SOPHIE
(to Isabel and
Elliott)
Thank you very much, both of you.

ELLIOTT
Not at all. Not at all.

ISABEL
Suppose you pick me up tomorrow at three at the apartment.

SOPHIE
(to Larry)
You know the address, don't you?

LARRY
Yes, I know the address.

ISABEL
(to Larry)
Good heavens! We don't want you! You're only the groom!

There's a light laugh. By the look on Isabel's face we know she is up to something.

DISSOLVE TO:

58 INT. ELLIOTT'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sophie, wearing the same dress she wore at the Ritz, is seated in a deep, low chair by the tea table -- a lonely, pathetic figure. Her mind seems miles away. There is a cigarette with a long ash between her fingers. (Throughout scene we see Individual full shots of Sophie from Isabel's angle -- never at ease, tense, a little off life, pathetic.)

Isabel comes from the library.

ISABEL
(brightly)
That was Somerset Maugham on the telephone. He always gives me the queerest feeling -- as if he were leading other people's lives for them. But I daresay that comes of being a novelist.

SOPHIE
(starts - looks up)
Oh, Mr. Maugham.....
(then coming back to herself, smiling)
I called him a stuffed shirt that night, didn't I?

ISABEL
What does it matter? That's all past....You weren't yourself.....
(after a slight pause)
Your mind was miles away when I came in. Where was it?....With Larry?

SOPHIE
No, right here. I was thinking---
(she stops)

ISABEL
What?

SOPHIE
You always wanted Larry for yourself.

ISABEL
I've always wanted to see him happy.

SOPHIE
You hate me for marrying him, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.)

ISABEL
No, I don't hate you at all. I'd hate anyone or anything that came in the way of his happiness.

There is a pause.

SOPHIE
I'll be a good wife.

ISABEL
I hope you will.

SOPHIE
(quietly)
I was - before.

ISABEL
(quietly, in her tone)
I know you were.... Sophie, don't misunderstand me --

SOPHIE
I don't.

ISABEL
What are we getting into?
(to break the mood)
Coffee? Ice?

SOPHIE
No, thanks.

ISABEL
I'm going to have a drink.

She moves over to the sideboard. When she gets there, she picks up a bottle of perzovka.

ISABEL
Oh, look! Uncle Elliott sent the perzovka!

SOPHIE
(rising)
The what?

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont. 1)

ISABEL
(holding up the bottle)
Don't you remember? He was raving about it at lunch yesterday.

SOPHIE
Yes.

ISABEL
(as she brings a glass and the bottle down to the table)
Poor Uncle Elliott. He exaggerates about so many things - but for once he's right.
(she pours out a drink)
I love the color...
(she holds it up)
Like the green you sometimes see in the heart of a white rose.
(suddenly she catches herself)
Poor Sophie...!

SOPHIE
(strongly)
I haven't had a drink since that night in the Rue de Lappe.

ISABEL
It must be awful - just to break off completely -- all at once.

SOPHIE
Sometimes when I've been alone I've wanted to shriek the house down. But I've quit!... Yesterday at the Ritz was tough going.

ISABEL
I know. I saw it.

SOPHIE
(quickly)
Did you. Did I show it?

ISABEL
Only to me, I think. It meant something to me.

(CONTINUED)

52

58 (Cont. 2)

SOPHIE
Larry, you mean? Larry's happiness?

Isabel does not answer, but looks steadily at her.

SOPHIE
He's good. He's really good, Isabel. I was gone -- lost -- gone. This is my only chance -- I know that --

Isabel rises as the butler enters.

ISABEL
Is the car here?

BUTLER
Yes, Madame.
(he exits)

ISABEL
(hesitates. She is uncertain)
Could we talk more?

SOPHIE
Of course. As much as you want.

ISABEL
Will you wait for me? I've got to go and pick up Joan at the dentist. I promised I would.

SOPHIE
Your baby?....How old is she now?

ISABEL
Seven. Here...

With almost a flourish of unconscious pride she shows Joan's picture to Sophie. Sophie looks at it steadily.

SOPHIE
(quietly)
She's lovely....Linda would have been nine in November -- this November that's coming...

She puts the frame back in its place carefully. Something is happening inside her. Her breath is coming quickly.

(CONTINUED)

58 (Cont.3)

ISABEL
(quietly)
Linda...

Suddenly tears come into Sophie's eyes, and she turns away from Isabel to hide them. Isabel looks at her for a moment, then turns to the butler who is in the door in the background. In pantomime and in a whisper, Isabel indicates that he take away the silver tray upon which are set the brandy and whiskey decanters and the glasses. She does this automatically and without much thought. It is obviously the thing to do. She crosses back to Sophie, who is calmer now. An unlighted cigarette is in her hand. Isabel strikes a match for her.

ISABEL
Stay here. I'll be back and we can talk.

Sophie does not answer. Her tears have given her some of the hopeless, "gone" appearance of the Rue de Lappe. The slight freshness she had assumed at the Ritz and for this afternoon has faded. Isabel looks down upon the woman who is to marry Larry.... Larry has been trapped into this by an impulse of sympathy! He is mad - he always was! He can't possibly know what he is in for! Could this faded, soiled, tragic thing ever be saved? She told Maugham, the day before yesterday, how she felt about Sophie.... And Isabel shows these misgivings as she moves toward the table. The coffee glasses are still there; also the bottle of perzovka and her empty glass. She glances back at Sophie, who is not watching her - and Isabel makes her decision. She won't send this bottle away. She will leave it. How else can she prove before it is too late that this girl can't be saved? She moves from the room. When the door closes behind Isabel, Sophie stays perfectly still for a moment. The light is going now, the shadows are sharper. Suddenly she gets up, crosses and picks up her gloves and purse from the chair in which she is sitting at the table. Her eyes fall on the bottle of perzovka. Every nerve on edge, she picks up a cigarette from the table and lights it. Then she reaches for the bottle and smells it. It has an intriguing odor and she smells it again. Suddenly she knows she can't stick it any longer. Abruptly, she snuffs out her cigarette, picks up the bottle and starts to pour herself a drink, hurrying it as if to say: 'To hell with it!' As she bolts the drink down,

FADE OUT

FADE IN

59 INT. BAL AU TANGO DU CHAT - NIGHT

SHOT ONTO BAR. The one-armed proprietor is there with several customers. They are looking off at something.

GIRL
(to proprietor)
Pauvre Sophie... Elle perd quelques bons dollars Americains.

PROPRIETOR
Sophie, elle appartient a cette bande. Ils rappliquent tous de Chicago.

As he finishes, there is a funny laugh from the girls and a glance at the proprietor.

ANOTHER GIRL
Il est tres embete.

60 SHOT ONTO TWO BASKET SWINGING DOORS - which is possibly the Ladies' and Gents' Rooms, combined. In the foreground, a girl among the people at the table is looking back, apparently at the bar, with a shrug. The man gruffly tells her to mind her own business.

MAN
Alors quoi! T'occupes pas!

The doors of the place are swinging as though someone had just entered. CAMERA HOLDS on the doors for a few feet. Larry pushes through, coming out. The girl at the table calls out to him.

GIRL
Alors. T'a decouvert c'que tu cherchais?

Larry moves over to the table.

LARRY
If you see Sophie MacDonald, the American, tell her I'll be back.

GIRL
Tu peux pas parler francais.

LARRY
Si vous voyes, Sophie MacDonald, l'Americaine, dites lui que je reviendrai plus tard.

(CONTINUED)

(See follow pink pages for added lines of Frenc dialo used here)

Added French Dialogue
Scenes 59 and 60, Page 128
INT. BAL AU TANGO DU CHAT

GIRL
Poor Sophie--she missed some good American dough, isn't it?

PROPRIETOR
Sophie, she belongs to that gang--they all come from Chicago.

As he finishes, there is a funny laugh from the girls and a glance at the proprietor.

ANOTHER GIRL
He is much annoyed.

GIRL
(to Larry)
Then....Did you find what you were looking for?

PROPRIETOR
Don't worry, that's none of your business.
(It's not your onions).

Larry moves over to the desk.

LARRY
If you see Sophie MacDonald, the American, tell her I'll be back.

LADY
Can't you speak French?

LARRY
If you see Sophie MacDonald, the American, tell her that I'll come back later.

LADY
Okay--one will tell her.

Larry moves to another table where two men are playing cards. One man says:

MAN
What are you trying to fish?

SECOND MAN
With duds like so, you smell like high tide.

GIRL
Pauvre Sophie--elle a loupé du bon fric Americain, hein?

PROPRIETOR
Sophie, elle fait parti de ct' clique--Ils radinent tous de Chicago.

ANOTHER GIRL
Il est enquiquine, hein.

GIRL
(to Larry)
Alors...T'a trouve c'que tu cherchais?

PROPRIETOR
T'occupes pas, c'est pas tes ognons.

LADY
Tu peux pas parler français?

LARRY
Si vous voyez Sophie MacDonald, l'Americaine, dites lui que je reviendrai plus tard.

LADY
C'est bon, on lui dira.

MAN
Qu'est ce que tu pêches?

SECOND MAN
Avec des fringues pareilles, tu sens la marée.

(CONTINUED)

Larry walks to the bar on the end of a dialogue between a boy and a girl, ad lib, speaking about a fight. When the doors open, rain and drafts come in.

DANCER AT THE BAR
Shut the door, you old bag!

DANCER AT THE BAR
Ferme la porte, he ballot!

Proprietor goes to the door while Larry exits.

PROPRIETOR
(sarcastically)
Good evening, my prince--you're boring us all!

PROPRIETOR
(sarcastically)
Bon soir, mon prince, tu commences à nous cavaler!

Proprietor shuts the door.

60 (Cont.)

Larry goes on past the bar. When he has gone, the proprietor calls after him:

PROPRIETOR
Bon soir, mon Prince. Viens une autre fois. On est toujours heureux quand les aristos d'Amerique radinent.

The girls laugh shrilly at this, and the laughter DISSOLVES ON THE TRACK into men's laughter, as the scene

DISSOLVES TO:

61 BOSCOGNI'S BAR - NIGHT

This is another low, dingy place...not quite as full... same kind of people...more men. Larry is at the bar, looking off at the table at which the men are laughing uproariously because a small Frenchman is dancing the Black Bottom and slapping his thighs and singing in broken French, "Chicago! Chicago!"

BARMAN (to Larry)
Est ce que tu connais Chicago, en Amerique?

(See following pink pages for added lines of French dialogue)

LARRY
Ou dit il qu'il a ete?

Barman turns away to another customer, muttering in French.

BARMAN
Decouvres le toi meme, he ballot d'Americain.

Larry moves over to the table and watches the antics of the little Frenchman, who is giving a very good imitation of Sophie...any characteristics to be observed in Sophie's previous scene in the Rue de Lappe. He is seated in a chair. A tough, tall waiter is putting down drinks. The little Frenchman pinches the waiter's legs and calls:

LITTLE FRENCHMAN
Hi, hi, beeg boye!

He puts his arm playfully around the other man's neck and leans back across him.

(CONTINUED)

Scene as Shot--Sc. 61, Pg. 129
INT. BOSCOGNI'S BAR

This is another low, dingy place...not quite as full... same kind of people... more men. Man opens door, enters, and says to man on barrel:

MAN
There is a rich man coming.

MAN
Y a un aristo qui rapplique.

Larry enters, walks around, looks around, goes to bar.

LARRY
A brandy, please.

LARRY
Une fine, s'il vous plait.

He looks off at the table at which the men are laughing uproariously because a small Frenchman is dancing the Black Bottom and slapping his thighs and singing in broken French "Chicago! Chicago!"

BARMAN
Here it is, old man.

BARMAN
V'la, mon vieux.

Little Frenchman goes back to his table, saying:

LITTLE FRENCHMAN
Perzovka, darling. Hi, hi, beeg boye! Please to pass me more of the Perzovka...Perzovka, darling. Do they drink any in Algeria?

LITTLE FRENCHMAN
Perzovka, mon chéri. Hi, hi, beeg boye! Please to pass me more of the Perzovka... Perzovka, mon chéri. Est ce qu'ils en boivent en Algerie?

During the above dialogue, Larry watches the antics of the Little Frenchman, who is giving a very good imitation of Sophie...any characteristics to be observed in Sophie's previous scene in the Rue de Lappe. He is seated in a chair. He puts his arm playfully around the other man's neck and leans back across him. Larry goes to table and asks:

LARRY
Excuse me, gentlemen, but where did that lady ask for Perzovka?

LARRY
Pardon, messieurs--ou est ce que cette dame a demandé une Perzovka?

The laughter dies. The men are quiet. A Frenchman in the foreground rises politely.

A FRENCHMAN
The American? At El Narghileh, old chap.

A FRENCHMAN
L'americaine? Au Narghileh, mon vieux.

LARRY
Where is that?

LARRY
Ou est ce?

FRENCHMAN
I don't advise you to show yourself there.

FRENCHMAN
J'te conseille pas de te montrer las bas.

He draws his hand sharply across his throat, and then impudently brings his finger across Larry's throat. Larry, unconsciously and not with belligerence, waves his hand away.

LARRY
Do you want to make a hundred francs?

LITTLE FRENCHMAN
(comes forward and bows)
At your service, monsieur. I speak the English from Lon-don.

LARRY
All right, come along. Take me there.

LITTLE FRENCHMAN
(going out with him, looks back at others and says)
My pals, I've found a sucker (pigeon)!

LARRY
Voulez-vous gagner cent francs?

LITTLE FRENCHMAN
(comes forward and bows)
A votre service, monsieur. I speak the English from Lon-don.

LARRY
All right, come along. Take me there.

LITTLE FRENCHMAN
(going out with him looks back at others and says)
Mes Potes, j'ai trouvé un pigeon!

52

61 (Cont.)

LITTLE FRENCHMAN
(calls)
Please to pass me some more of the Zubrovka.

Larry moves forward to the table.

LITTLE FRENCHMAN
(screaming)
Zubro-o-o-vka! Mon cheri, est ce ce qu'ils boivent en Algerie?

Larry moves to the table.

LARRY
Pardon, Messieurs -- ou est ce que cette dame a demande une Zubrovka?

The laughter dies. The men are quiet. A Frenchman in the foreground rises politely.

FRENCHMAN
Chez Alger, mon vieux.

LARRY
(accidentally in English)
Where is that?

FRENCHMAN
Te vous conseille pas de vous montrer la bas.
(in broad pantomime)
Pour une etrangere comme ca... tres bien... Pour l'etranger... un coupe-gorge!

He draws his hand sharply across his throat, and then impudently brings his finger across Larry's throat. Larry, unconsciously and not with belligerence, waves his hand away.

LARRY
(in English)
I want to talk to you. Come outside - if you want to make a hundred francs.

The man hesitates, doesn't understand. He turns to the others as much as to say, "What does he say?" Now the little Frenchman comes forward and bows. He is quite drunk.

(CONTINUED)

61 (Cont.1)

LITTLE FRENCHMAN
A votre service, Monsieur.
(now he speaks
in English)
You like some beautiful ladies? I
speak the English from Lon-don.

LARRY
(quickly)
All right -- come along.

He goes out, and the little Frenchman follows him, looking back at the others, laughing.

DISSOLVE TO:

52

62 EXT. CHEZ ALGER - PRE-DAWN

It is now beginning to rain. Larry and the little Frenchman come in, and the little Frenchman points down some dingy steps to an even dingier doorway.

LITTLE FRENCHMAN
It is better that I do not go in, Monsieur. I will wait here.

Larry nods and starts down the steps. We see that he is reluctant to enter, fearful of what he will find. But he steels himself and goes down the steps and into the place.

63 INT. CHEZ ALGER

- as Larry comes in. He goes along a narrow passageway past a series of evil-looking cribs in which we catch glimpses of Turks, Arabs, merchant-sailors, women. (Part of what he sees is better reflected on his own face.) He comes into a slightly larger room. The smoke is almost thick enough to cut. It is, of all the places we have seen, the lowest, most depraved.. .... Finally Larry sees Sophie. She is seated at a table with three or four men and a girl. She is very tight now. On the table in front of them are absinthe glasses, dirty ash trays, etc. Sophie is laughing drunkenly. Larry comes up to the table and looks at her for a moment.

(See following pink page for added line of French dialogue used here)

LARRY
(gently, but with authority)
Come on, Sophie. We're getting out of here.

She looks up at him, dazed.

SOPHIE
(drunkenly)
Ah -- Larry! ... Come on - join us... Perzovka....

She reaches for her glass, upsets it. It breaks. She picks up a piece of it, smells it.

SOPHIE
(to Arab - imitating Isabel)
'You must try some. Smells nice... Like listening to music by moonlight...'

(CONTINUED)

Added French Dialogue
Scene 63, Page 131
INT. EL NARGHILEH

When Larry walks toward Sophie, one Arab says to the one sitting with her:

FIRST ARAB
Watch that foreigner.

FIRST ARAB
Surveille cet etranger.

52

63 (Cont.)

Larry has had enough. He takes her arm. She fiercely jerks away, and lurches to her feet.

SOPHIE
Take your hands off me! I don't need you -- I don't need anyone!

Again Larry's hand closes on her and he tries to draw her away. Suddenly she turns and tosses the absinthe into his face, blinding him for a moment. The group about her roar with laughter as Larry wipes the absinthe from his face. Sophie reaches for her chair, misses it, and falls to the floor. Larry reaches down to pick her up and Sophie slaps him. The crowd roars, and automatically those at the table push back their chairs to form a sort of ring, eager to witness a fight between a man and a woman. Larry reaches down again for Sophie, and she claws him, her fingernails ripping his face. The crowd shrieks with laughter. The Arab (who wears earrings) is smoking a cheroot and obviously enjoying himself. Calmly he flicks the ashes from his cheroot and as Larry struggles to get Sophie to her feet the Arab leans over and presses the burning tip of the cheroot on the back of Larry's neck. Larry releases Sophie for a moment and straightens up in pain. He looks at the Arab, who puts the cheroot back into his mouth, an insolent smile on his face. Taunted beyond endurance, Larry takes hold of one of the man's earrings and yanks it off right through the flesh, then tosses the earring to the Arab. The Arab, unable to believe what has happened to him, puts his finger to his ear and looks at the blood on it. His friends at the table laugh fiendishly at his discomfiture. He is livid with rage. Meanwhile, Larry has turned back to Sophie, who is struggling to her feet. Another man at the table gives Larry a shove, and the Arab leaps up and catches him from behind around the throat, pulling him back. Larry breaks free for an instant, turns and hits the Arab, knocking him down. As he straightens up he sees Sophie lurching drunkenly through the room. As he starts after her one of the men trips him and he stumbles, and the Corsican hits him on the head with a bottle. Larry goes down. Instantly the place is in an uproar, with the proprietor rushing in and screaming at Larry to get out of the place before the police come. Larry staggers to his feet, wiping the blood from his face. He looks around, bewildered, his lips forming the name, "Sophie! Sophie!" A couple of waiters hurry in and grab Larry and hustle him out of the place.

(See following pink pages for added lines of French dialogue used here)

(CONTINUED)

Added French Dialogue
Scene 63, Page 132
INT. EL NARGHILEH

A.

When Larry has been pushed down:

Another Arab, while helping him up:

ARAB
Anything broken

ARAB
T'as rien de cassé?

B.

As they are fighting:

PROPRIETOR
Get away to the door. Stop fighting!
So, that is enough...get out of here..

PROPRIETOR
Allez vous en, à la porte, arretez vous!
Allons, assez, fichez le camp...

(And similar exclamations of the same type)

C.

As Larry is dropped by the door, a young Arabian man walks down the step and orders to the waiter:

YOUNG ARABIAN
Ali, Hassam (names) Yalla (quick, in Arabic), take him out of here...
(ad lib)

YOUNG ARABIAN
Ali, Hassam (names), Yalla, (quick, in Arabic), Dépechez vous, enlevez le, grouillez vous.

The Proprietor also says:

PROPRIETOR
Quick, I don't want the police here.

PROPRIETOR
Dépèchez vous, je n'veux pas la police ici.

63 (Cont. 1)

Blood is running down Larry's face and he is almost out. We follow them along the corridor to the door through which they literally throw Larry into the street. It is now raining.

63-A CLOSEUP - THE LITTLE FRENCHMAN

looking off at Larry.

63-B LONG SHOT ~~(ALLEY STREET)~~

as the little Frenchman tries to drag Larry to his feet.

FADE OUT

52

FADE IN

64 PORCH OF MAUGHAM'S COTTAGE AT CAP FERRAT - DAY

Maugham is seated at a table, writing (with pen) on his new book. His servant comes out onto the porch. Maugham glances up, a little irritated at being disturbed, and it is while Maugham is reading the letter the servant has brought him that HIS VOICE comes over:

MAUGHAM'S VOICE
That was the last I heard of Sophie MacDonald for almost a year. As a matter of record it's the very last any of us knew of her. I settled down at my cottage on the Riviera near Cap Ferrat to finish my book, and then one day the Police at Toulon sent for me....

He rises as the line, "then one day..." is spoken. Towards the end of the speech he is moving out towards the house, the CAMERA PANNING WITH HIM - onto a WIPE IN THE SAME DIRECTION as he enters - (See following pink pages fo

65 INT. POLICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE - TOULON - DAY (additional l of French

The Inspector, a man with a very brisk and imposing (dialo manner, is seated at his desk as Maugham enters. (used

MAUGHAM
Bon jour, Monsieur le Commissionaire.

INSPECTOR
(clearing his throat, proud of his English)
Good morning, Monsieur Maugham...

He comes from behind his desk, looks at Maugham closely, observing the Legion of Honor ribbon on his lapel.

INSPECTOR
I see Monsieur Maugham wears the Legion of Honor!

MAUGHAM
(with a bow)
I have that distinction.

INSPECTOR
I must apologize for being obliged to inconvenience a person of your distinction.

(CONTINUED)

Added French Dialogue
Scene 65, Page 135
INT. INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

CAPTAIN
What heat! Saint's Mother!

CLERK
An old Sea-Wolf like you is complaining about the heat?--this is too strong.

CAPTAIN
The heat! You can talk--I'm boiling!

CLERK
You don't come here to talk about heat....I know it is hot. What do you want?

CAPTAIN
Every time I unload merchandise, one robs me.

CLERK
One robs you? And then what?

CAPTAIN
One robs me and I don't like it!

CLERK
What do you want me to do?

CAPTAIN
Listen! I come to complain!

CLERK
Do you come to complain to the friend, or do you come to complain to the representative of public authority?

CAPTAIN
I come to complain, that's all.

CLERK
In that case, I shall see.

CAPTAIN
It makes a hundred times that I come here--it is always the same joke.

CAPTAIN
Quelle chaleur, Sainte Mère!

CLERK
Un vieux Loup de Mer comme toi qui se plaint de la chaleur!--c'est un peu fort.

CAPTAIN
La chaleur! Tu peux m'en parler, moi je boue!

CLERK
Tu n'es pas venu ici pour parler de la chaleur.... je sais qu'il fait chaud.

CAPTAIN
Chaque fois que je décharge la merchandise on me barbotte.

CLERK
On te barbotte? Et alors quoi?

CAPTAIN
On me barbotte té vé, et je n'aime pas ça!

CLERK
Qu'est ce que tu veux que je fasse?

CAPTAIN
Ecoute! Je viens me plaindre!

CLERK
Tu viens te plaindre à l'ami, ou tu viens te plaindre au representant de la Force Publique?

CAPTAIN
Je viens me plaindre, c'est tout.

CLERK
Dans ce cas je vais voir.

CAPTAIN
Cela fait cent fois que je viens ici--c'est toujours la même pastisse.

CLERK
Come! Come! I shall make the necessary:

Name, Surname, and Specifications?

CAPTAIN
You know my name darn well!

CLERK
I asked your name.

CAPTAIN
So, then! Achille Farnouille.

CLERK
Your business?

CAPTAIN
Captain of the tanker Mistral te!

CLERK
Date and place of birth.

CAPTAIN
Really--you exaggerate!.....Toulon, November 15, 1900.

CLERK
What is your complaint?

CAPTAIN
I told you!--One robs me!

CLERK
So one robs you of what?

etc., ad lib.

CLERK
Allons! Allons! Je vais faire le nécessaire:

Nom, Prénom, et Qualités?

CAPTAIN
Tu connais mon nom, alors quoi!

CLERK
Je te demande ton nom.

CAPTAIN
Alors quoi! Achille Farnouille.

CLERK
Profession?

CAPTAIN
Capitaine du cargo Mistral té!

CLERK
Lieu et date de naissance.

CAPTAIN
Vraiment tu essagères!..... Toulon, 15 novembre 1900.

CLERK
De quoi te plains tu?

CAPTAIN
J'te l'ai dis!--On me barbotte!

CLERK
On te barbotte quoi?

Added French Dialogue
Scene 65, Page 135
INT. POLICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

At beginning of scene, policeman comes in bringing Somerset Maugham. Policeman goes to Inspector and says:

POLICEMAN

Mr. Maugham

POLICEMAN

Monsieur Maugham

65 (Cont.)

MAUGHAM
I assure you that nothing could make me happier than to be of service to you.

The two men bow gravely to each other. Maugham takes out the letter from his pocket.

MAUGHAM
About this...

The Inspector moves around pedantically and glances at the letter over Maugham's shoulder; then sweeps to his desk and picks up a paper.

INSPECTOR
This is a very dirty business, Monsieur. It appears that the woman Sophie MacDonald had a very evil reputation...She was brutally murdered. Her body was fished out of the harbor. The throat was cut from ear to ear.

MAUGHAM
(shocked)
Dreadful!

The Inspector frankly appraises Maugham's romantic lure; then:

INSPECTOR
How does it happen that a person of your age and respectability should be acquainted with such a character?

(See following pink page for additional lines of French dialogue used here)

MAUGHAM
(unruffled)
I knew her very slightly.

The Inspector suddenly thrusts a book forward. It is one of Maugham's books.

INSPECTOR
This volume was found in her room. If you will examine the autographed page, you will see that it hardly suggests that your acquaintance with her was as slight as you claim.

Maugham accepts the book, opens the cover and looks at the inscription. The Inspector reads the line over Maugham's shoulder.

INSPECTOR
(reading)
'Mignonne, allons voir si la rose.'

(CONTINUED)

Added French Dialogue
Scene 65, Page 136
INT. POLICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

INSPECTOR
It's terrible, isn't it! I don't understand, sir... How does it happen that a person, etc. (as in script)

INSPECTOR
N'est ce pas, c'est epouvantable! Alors je ne comprend pas monsieur...How does it happen, etc. (as in script)

65 (Cont. 1)

MAUGHAM
'My sweet, let us see if the rose...'
(sternly)
If you are suggesting that I was her lover, you are mistaken.

INSPECTOR
(with a shrug)
It would be no affair of mine. And without wishing to say anything offensive to you, I must add that from what I've heard of her proclivities I should not say that you were her type.

MAUGHAM
(bowing)
I am prepared to take that as a compliment.

INSPECTOR
Nevertheless, it is evident that you would not address a perfect stranger as 'My sweet.'

MAUGHAM
That line, Monsieur le Commissionaire, is the first of a celebrated poem by Ronsard, with whose works I am certain a man of your education and culture must be familiar.

INSPECTOR
Familiar....
(hastily)
Of course I read Ronsard at school, but with all the work I have to do I confess the line has escaped my memory.

(See following pink page for revised line of French dialogue)

MAUGHAM
(casually)
As a matter of fact I signed that book for her many years ago in Chicago.

They turn and look off as Larry, bounded on either side by a Surete General man, enters. He is deeply moved. His dash has left him.

MAUGHAM
(greeting him)
Larry, I didn't know you were here. I thought you were living at Sanary.

(CONTINUED)

Added French dialogue
Scene 65, Page 137
INT. POLICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

INSPECTOR
Ronsard, Ronsard, Ronsard! Obviously everybody knows Ronsard...Of course I read Ronsard at school, etc. (as in script)

INSPECTOR
Ronsard, Ronsard, Oh! Ronsard! Evidement tout le monde connait Ronsard...Of course I read Ronsard at school, etc. (as in script)

65 (Cont. 2)

LARRY
(quietly)
They sent for me...Have they told you?

MAUGHAM
Yes. It's dreadful.

LARRY
I've just seen her at the morgue. I had to identify her for the police.

INSPECTOR
Pardon, Monsieur Maugham -- you know this individual?

MAUGHAM
I do. He's an American citizen. His name is Laurence Darrell.

INSPECTOR
And what do you know of Monsieur Laurence Darrell?

MAUGHAM
He is a student, a young man of impeccable character.

INSPECTOR
(eyeing Larry up and down)
Ah! Impeccable, eh? And how long have you known this young man of impeccable character?

MAUGHAM
Approximately ten years.

INSPECTOR
Ah....

He makes a note of Maugham's reply on the paper which he holds.

MAUGHAM
Have any arrangements been made to bury her?

INSPECTOR
If you are prepared to undertake the expense of the funeral yourselves, you will receive the necessary authorization.

(CONTINUED)

52

65 (Cont. 3)

INSPECTOR (Cont.)
(he produces a card which he hands to Maugham)
I have here a card of an undertaker who will arrange the matter for you on terms and with dispatch.

MAUGHAM
(taking the card)
You are a marvel of efficiency, Monsieur le Commissionaire.

INSPECTOR
(bowing)
You flatter me, Monsieur.

Again they bow gravely to each other.

LARRY
May I see where she lived?

INSPECTOR
(suspicious)
You have not seen that room before?

LARRY
No, I have not.

INSPECTOR
This way, Messieurs.

(See following pink page for revised lin of French dialogue)

Larry and Maugham pass through with the Inspector. The Surete General men follow.

DISSOLVE TO:

66 INT. SOPHIE'S ROOM - TOULON HOTEL

as Maugham, Larry, and the Inspector enter. We see the horror in their faces as they look about the room. (Here music starts - the same music we heard at the country club in Chicago. It comes as an echo of the past - muted and strange.) In one corner of the room is a double bed of tarnished brass, heaped with untidy sheets and coverlets. Scattered about the room are ash trays, half empty packages of cigarettes, several stained brandy glasses, a pair of mules. On the wash-stand is a bowl of water and a towel smeared with rouge. From a coat hook hangs a flowered kimono. In another corner is a steamer trunk, on top of which are several pairs of shoes. The wallpaper has been dulled by time.

(CONTINUED)

Added French Dialogue
Scene 65, Page 139
INT. POLICE INSPECTOR'S OFFICE

INSPECTOR
In this case, follow me. Let's go to the room of the crime. This way, gentlemen.

INSPECTOR
En ce cas, suivez moi, allons a la chambre du crime. This way, messieurs.

66 (Cont.)

The shuttered window is draped with a pair of ragged lace curtains. A spring protrudes through a rent in the upholstery of the sofa. On the floor beside the sofa is a mangy palm in a china bowl. On the walls are several cheap reproductions of 18th Century engravings. In front of the blocked-in fireplace is a small stove. As Larry and Maugham move about the room looking at Sophie's effects, Larry sees something on the bed. He goes to the bed, picks up an old photograph case containing the pictures of Bob and Linda. The Inspector quickly moves over to Larry. Larry opens the folder to show the pictures to Maugham. The Inspector, too, looks at it.

INSPECTOR
Who are these people?

LARRY
(quietly)
That's her baby. That's her husband.

INSPECTOR
Where are they now?

MAUGHAM
(quietly)
Dead, Monsieur. A long time ago.

The Inspector is touched.

LARRY
(to Inspector)
Could these be buried with her?

INSPECTOR
(takes frame, sees that it is very good leather)
In the frame, Monsieur?

LARRY
Yes.

INSPECTOR
As you wish, Monsieur.

The Inspector moves over to the door of the room, leaving Maugham and Larry together. Larry closes the photograph folder; then catches sight of a volume of Keats' poems which lies on the table. He picks it up, opens it where a piece of ribbon has marked it. He looks at it for a moment, then:

(CONTINUED)

66 (Cont.1)

LARRY
(to Maugham)
This is the poem that I read to her once when she was a very little girl, and it made her cry because it was so beautiful.

MAUGHAM
Yes, I remember you mentioned it in the car that night, on the way from the Rue de Lappe.

LARRY
(reading)
'The day is gone, and all its sweets
are gone,
Sweet voice, sweet lips, soft hand,
and softer breast,
Warm breath, light whisper, tender
semi-tone,
Bright eyes, accomplish'd shape, and
lang'rous waist!
Faded the flower and all its budded
charms,
Faded the sight of beauty from my eyes,
Faded the shape of beauty from my arms,
Faded the voice, warmth, whiteness,
paradise --
Vanish'd unseasonably at shut of eve ---!

He breaks off, closes the book, turns to Maugham.

LARRY
Ready?

MAUGHAM
Yes.

LARRY
Then let's go.

They move over to the door, where the Inspector is waiting.

INSPECTOR
(opening door)
Well, Messieurs, it went very well. I hope you're satisfied.

MAUGHAM
Quite.

(CONTINUED)

52

66 (Cont.2)

INSPECTOR
My advice is to go and have a good dinner. I have a card here of the best restaurant in Toulon. It will assure you of the patron's attention. A bottle of wine will do you both good after this harrowing experience.

MAUGHAM
(to Larry)
I've got to get on to Nice this afternoon. Elliott Templeton's had a relapse.

LARRY
Oh, I'm sorry to hear it. Do Isabel and Gray know?

MAUGHAM
Yes. I only hope they arrive in time. I wish you'd come with me.

LARRY
All right, if you'd really like me to. But I was never one of Uncle Elliott's favorites.

Maugham smiles, and Larry starts out of room.

INSPECTOR
Messieurs, I'm devastated by this fresh calamity, but I hope you will not forget that I and my friend, the undertaker, are always at your disposal if there is further need of our services. Distance is no object.

MAUGHAM
Thank you, Monsieur...Come on, Larry.

They leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

(See following pink page for additional line of French dialogue)

Added French Dialogue
Scene 66, page 142

At end of scene Inspector says to Sûreté Generale:

INSPECTOR
So what--let's go! It's finished....there isn't anything here any more now.

INSPECTOR
Hé bien! Allez oust! C'est fini.....il n'y a plus rien à faire ici maintenant.

67 INT. ELLIOTT TEMPLETON'S HOUSE ON THE RIVIERA - DAY

We come in on a scene of Larry, Maugham, and Joseph entering the lower hallway. Through open doors in the b.g. we see a section of the terrace and of the Mediterranean. They talk as they go up a short staircase to the door leading to Elliot's bedroom.

JOSEPH
I'll let Mr. Templeton know you are here, sir.

MAUGHAM
How is he?

JOSEPH
Very weak, sir. The doctors say there's no hope.

Maugham makes a little sound of distress..

JOSEPH
(in a low voice)
May I speak to you on a very delicate matter, sir?

MAUGHAM
Of course.

JOSEPH
The time is growing short and Mr. Templeton should receive the Last Sacrament. I hesitate to mention it to him, sir, but perhaps if you --

MAUGHAM
I shall be glad to suggest it.

JOSEPH
(relieved)
Thank you, sir.

He leads them across the upper hall to Elliott's door, knocks discreetly, then opens it and admits them.

68 INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM - DAY (See following pink page for t poem which the nurse is read to Elliott when we come in)

Elliott lies on a chaise longue in a dressing gown. His dog lies at his side. One incongruous note in the otherwise orderly appearance of the room is a white hospital screen set up in a corner, partly concealing an oxygen tank and a table on which are medicine bottles and porcelain trays. Elliott looks old and very ill, but he greets his visitors with a smile.

(CONTINUED)

Added French Lines
Scene 68, Page 143
INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM

At beginning of scene a nurse is reading to Elliott a poem by Verlaine:

The sky is, over the roof,
So blue, so calm!
A tree over the roof
Swings its palm.

The bell in the near-by sky
Slowly swings.
The bird, on the tree that one sees,
Sings its complaint.

Le ciel est, par-dessus le toit,
Si bleu, si calme!
Un arbre, par-dessus le toit
Berce sa palme.

La cloche dans le ciel qu'on voit
Doucement tinte.
Un oiseau sur l'arbre qu'on voit
Chante sa plainte.

68 (Cont.)

ELLIOTT
My dear feller, how very nice to see you! And Larry! This is a surprise!

They come over and shake hands with him.

LARRY
Mr. Maugham said you were sick.

ELLIOTT
Did he? Well -- I am sick.

LARRY
(with a laugh)
Well -- you don't look it. In fact you look extremely well.

ELLIOTT
(amiably)
Well, really now, young Mr. Larry Darrell - that's the most sensible thing I've ever heard you say!
(to Maugham)
Of course he's right. This is only a temporary indisposition. I've got the Grand Duke lunching with me on Sunday and I've told my doctor he must put me to rights by then at all costs.
(with a disappointed frown)
It's too bad that this should happen just now. It's a particularly brilliant season.
(then to Maugham, a hurt look coming into his face)
Are you going to Edna Novemali's party?

MAUGHAM
(emphatically)
Of course not.

ELLIOTT
Has she asked you?

MAUGHAM
She's asked everybody in Europe.
(to Larry)
She's giving a great do. Fancy dress.

Elliott looks at Maugham with haggard eyes.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont. 1)

ELLIOTT
She hasn't asked me. It's a deliberate insult.

MAUGHAM
(scoffing)
Don't be ridiculous. Why should she want to insult you? It's just and oversight.

ELLIOTT
(with a touch of his old hauteur)
I'm not a man that people overlook.

LARRY
Perhaps she doesn't know you're in the South of France.

ELLIOTT
(scowling)
Don't be absurd, Larry. Everyone knows I'm in the South of France. And it's the best party of the season! If I was on my deathbed I'd get up for it.

MAUGHAM
Never mind, old boy. It may rain on the night of the party. That'll ruin it.

Elliott catches at the words like a drowning man. He begins to giggle.

ELLIOTT
I never thought of that. I'll pray for rain as I've never prayed before. The old witch.
(then, as he begins to feel sorry for himself and gradually begins to weep)
She'd never have got anywhere if it hadn't been for me and then she doesn't ask me to the most brilliant party of her career. Fireworks, my dear feller, there are going to be fireworks. Oh, it's so unkind. I hate them. I hate them all. They've eaten my food and drunk my wine. I've run their errands for them. I've made their parties for them. And what have I got out of it? Nothing. Now that I'm old and sick they have no use for me. There's not one of them who cares if I live or die. Oh, it's so cruel.

(CONTINUED)

68 (Cont. 2)

ELLIOTT (Cont.)
(weeping like a child now)
I wish I'd never left America.

There is an awkward silence as Elliott weeps.

LARRY
Will you excuse me?

Maugham nods and Larry goes out. Elliott pays no attention to him, being too cast down by his own morbid thoughts. Maugham stands looking at him, waiting for him to get hold of himself.

MAUGHAM
I'm afraid you're very ill, Elliott. Much iller than you think. I was wondering if you'd like to see a priest?

Elliott looks up at him for a moment without answering.

ELLIOTT
D'you mean to say I'm going to die?

MAUGHAM
Oh, I hope not. But it's just as well to be on the safe side.

ELLIOTT
I understand.

He is silent for a moment. Then he reaches out and pats Maugham's hand.

ELLIOTT
Don't be upset, my dear feller. Noblesse oblige, you know.

Maugham suddenly laughs.

MAUGHAM
You ridiculous creature, Elliott.

ELLIOTT
(smiling)
That's better. And now, call up the Bishop and tell him I will appreciate it if he'll send his Chaplain. He's a friend of mine.

(CONTINUED)

52

68 (Cont. 3)

MAUGHAM
I'll go and do it now.

He goes out. Elliott settles back in the bed. The nurse comes forward to attend him. Idly, Elliott rubs his dog's head.

69 EXT. ELLIOTT'S ROOM

Maugham comes out and crosses toward Elliott's office at the end of the hall, where Larry, hat in hand, is waiting for him.

LARRY
Can I borrow your car for a few moments?

MAUGHAM
Of course.

LARRY
I thought I'd run over to the Princess Novemali's house. Her secretary is an old Scotch girl I've known for years. I think I can do something about that invitation.

MAUGHAM
She is a spiteful woman, Edna. There'll be a thousand people at her party. It couldn't have hurt her at least to <u>ask</u> Elliott.

LARRY
(smiling)
You leave it to me.

At this moment voices are heard - they turn and we see Isabel and Gray coming up the steps, still in their traveling outfits. Maugham and Larry move across to the head of the stairs to meet them.

MAUGHAM
Here you are at last.

ISABEL
(amazed at the sight of Larry)
Larry! This <u>is</u> a surprise! I had no idea you were here!

(CONTINUED)

69 (Cont.)

LARRY
Hello. Hello, Gray.

They shake hands, exchange warm greetings, but in the subdued tones one uses in houses where there is illness and approaching death.

MAUGHAM
I'm afraid you've only just come in time.

ISABEL
Oh, poor Uncle Elliott.

MAUGHAM
I think he'd like to see you. Come on.

He leads the way across to Elliott's door. Larry stays behind.

ISABEL
(her eyes on Larry)
Larry--you're not leaving?

LARRY
No. I'll be back.

As he goes down the stairs Maugham opens the door. Isabel looks after Larry with that look she always has for him. Then they enter Elliott's room.

DISSOLVE TO:

70 INT. MISS KEITH'S OFFICE AT THE PRINCESS NOVEMALI'S HOUSE - DAY

Through the window we see the Mediterranean. MISS KEITH is a middle-aged Scotch woman with sandy hair, pince-nez, and an air of determined virginity. She has a strong Scotch accent. She is so placed in the room - behind a desk - that it looks empty. The window, some feet from the ground, is open. Larry looks in and, thinking the room is empty, climbs in through the window. Miss Keith, however, sees him.

MISS KEITH
It's more usual to come in by the door, Larry.

LARRY
(surprised)
Hello. I thought the room was empty.

(CONTINUED)

70 (Cont.)

MISS KEITH
Then may I inquire what you're doing here?

LARRY
(with a grin, as he crosses to her)
I'm a burglar, dear.

MISS KEITH
(in mock horror)
Fancy that now. And I thought for one happy moment that you'd come to attack me.

LARRY
(lightly)
No, Miss Keith. I came to steal a card for the Princess' party. She hasn't asked Elliott Templeton.

Miss Keith goes about her business of checking lists, etc., and Larry sits on the desk beside her.

MISS KEITH
I know she hasn't. She crossed his name out on the list herself.

She indicates the list where several names have been crossed out.

LARRY
He's awfully hurt at being left out.

MISS KEITH
If he wanted to keep in with her he shouldn't have said those terrible things about her and her chauffeur. And the unfortunate thing about it is that they're all true.

There are stacks of letters on the desk - acceptances and refusals, etc., - and she is busy throughout with her chores.

LARRY
You've got nothing against him, have you?

70 (Cont. 1)

MISS KEITH
No. He's always been very nice to me. He's a gentleman and that's more than you can say for most of the people who come here to fill their fat bellies at the Princess' expense.

LARRY
(wheedling)
Be a good sport, Miss Keith. Give me a card. He won't come. He's dying. And it'll make the poor old man happy.

Miss Keith draws herself up in her most sternly Calvinistic manner. Then she looks Larry in the eye, and her manner changes.

MISS KEITH
The cards are on the desk. I am going to look out the window to observe the beauty of the prospect and what happens whon my back is turned neither God nor man can hold me responsible for.

She starts her song, and turns her back to Larry. He takes a card and slips it in his pocket. Then he starts out the same way he came in.

LARRY
It's been nice seeing you, Miss Keith. What are you wearing at the fancy dress party?

70-A CLOSEUP - MISS KEITH AND LARRY

MISS KEITH
I'm a minister's daughter, Larry. I leave such foolishness to the upper classes. When I've seen that the representatives of the press get a good supper and a bottle of our second best champagne, I shall retire to the privacy of my bedchamber with a detective story.

As Larry laughs and hops out of the window,

DISSOLVE TO:

(NOTE: See following page for alternate ending.)

ALTERNATE
70 (Cont. 1)

Larry takes the card and slips it in his pocket. Then he goes over to the window. Miss Keith is just finishing her song.

LARRY
Thank you, Miss Keith.

MISS KEITH
Don't mention it.

As Larry laughs and hops out of the window,

DISSOLVE TO:

71 ELLIOTT'S OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Isabel, Gray and Maugham are waiting here, while the Bishop completes his duties. Through the glass panes we can see the door to Elliott's room. The doctor and nurse are standing here waiting, Joseph with them. In three QUICK CLOSEUPS we see what Isabel, Maugham and Gray are doing. Gray stands at the window looking out, idling, wrapping a chain around his finger. Maugham stands, arms folded, in front of a picture. Isabel is at a table, leafing through a book without really seeing it at all. After a moment, the door to Elliott's room opens and the Bishop comes out, followed by the Abbe. Isabel, Gray and Maugham hurry out to meet him. Elliott's dog, taking advantage of the Bishop's egress, goes into the room.

(CONTINUED)

71 (Cont.)

BISHOP
Our poor friend is very low.

MAUGHAM
(presenting Isabel and Gray)
Your Grace, this is Mr. Templeton's niece and her husband.

The Bishop bows graciously.

BISHOP
He was a good man. His defects were on the surface. He was generous of heart and kindly toward his fellow creatures.
(indicating Elliott's room)
You can go in when you like.

As he goes down the stairs, followed by the Abbe, Isabel leads the way into Elliott's bedroom.

72 INT. ELLIOTT'S BEDROOM

Elliott lies back on the pillows, a smile on his face. He is calmly cheerful and his eyes are bright. The doctor and nurse come in. The dog has taken up its position near Elliott.

ELLIOTT
(elated)
A great honor, my dears. I shall enter the Kingdom of Heaven with a letter of introduction from a Prince of the Church. I fancy that all doors will be open to me.

MAUGHAM
(smiling)
I'm afraid you'll find the company very mixed.

ELLIOTT
Don't believe it. There'll be none of this confounded democracy there. I shall pick and choose my company, as I always have.

Joseph has gone to the windows to draw the curtains.

ELLIOTT
No, no! Don't draw the curtains. I love this time of afternoon.

Joseph leaves the curtains as they were, and leaves the room.

(CONTINUED)

52

72 (Cont.)

ELLIOTT
(to Maugham)
My dear feller, why don't you go have a drink? You always have a drink at this time of afternoon.

MAUGHAM
Thank you, Elliott. I've already had my drink.

Elliott looks at Isabel. She is beginning to cry.

ELLIOTT
(sternly)
Are you crying, Isabel?

ISABEL
(stifling a sob)
No, Uncle Elliott.

ELLIOTT
If you are going to make a scene you must leave the room.

He takes Isabel's hand.

ELLIOTT
Isabel, I'm quite a rich man in my way and I've left you everything I have.

ISABEL
(weeping openly now)
Oh, Uncle Elliott, don't talk like that. I can't bear it.

ELLIOTT
(to Gray)
Your wife is a very sentimental and hysterical woman, Gray. I understand that you have a job in prospect.

GRAY
A roommate of mine at college has offered me a job in his business. My idea is to go back and see if I can raise enough money to start up my father's firm again. It's still in the Receiver's hands.

(CONTINUED)

72 (Cont. 1)

ELLIOTT
But you'll have money now, my boy.

There is a knock on the door; Joseph comes in.

JOSEPH
(to Elliott)
A letter's just come for you, sir.
It's marked urgent.

He gives it to Elliott, who opens it and begins to beam.

ELLIOTT
(to Maugham)
D'you know what this is?

MAUGHAM
How should I?

ELLIOTT
It's a card for Edna Novemali's party.

MAUGHAM
There. What did I tell you?

ELLIOTT
Get a pad and envelope. You can write the reply.

Maugham goes to the writing desk.

ISABEL
(protesting)
Oh, please, don't bother about that now, Uncle Elliott.

ELLIOTT
Why not? I've always been a man of the world. There's no reason why I should forget my manners as I'm leaving it.

Maugham comes back and stands beside the bed.

ELLIOTT
Ready?

MAUGHAM
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

72 (Cont. 2)

Elliott's eyes are closed, but there is a mischievous smile on his face.

ELLIOTT
(dictating)
Mr. Elliott Templeton regrets that he cannot accept the Princess Novemali's kind invitation owing to a previous engagement with his Blessed Lord.

He gives a faint, ghostly chuckle. He is still holding the invitation card. Maugham reaches over and tries to take it from his hand, but Elliott tightens his grip on it. Then he speaks quite loudly, as CAMERA MOVES IN ON HIS FACE.

ELLIOTT
The old witch!

There is still a faint smile on his lips.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

73 TERRACE OF ELLIOTT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It is about 9:30 -- after dinner. Isabel and Maugham stand by a glass table in a corner of the terrace. Perhaps they have just finished coffee or liqueurs. They look up as Joseph enters.

JOSEPH
Beg pardon, Madame, but Mr. Darrell wishes to know if the chauffeur might drive him to the station.

ISABEL
(surprised, caught off-guard)
Station? He's leaving?

JOSEPH
Yes, Madame. At ten-thirty. For Paris.

ISABEL
But he didn't say---

She hastily checks herself, tries to conceal her agitation from Joseph.

ISABEL
Yes, yes, of course.

Joseph bows and goes off.

MAUGHAM
(deliberately casual)
He's going to America.

ISABEL
Oh, really! How wonderful!

MAUGHAM
He's working his way back on a tramp steamer.

ISABEL
(with a laugh)
He would do that. But it doesn't matter. At least he'll be home -- I'll see him.

Maugham stands looking down at her closely.

MAUGHAM
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

(CONTINUED)

73 (Cont.)

ISABEL
But you're not me. All my life I've done the things other people have wanted me to do. From now on I intend to do the things I want to do. I intend to see as much of Larry as I possibly can.

MAUGHAM
It may cause you a lot of pain, my dear.

ISABEL
I know, but it's a pain that's heaven.

He holds her gaze for a moment. They hear VOICES coming from the hallway. They turn and look off.

74 INT. HALL OF ELLIOTT'S HOUSE

Larry and Gray have paused half-way in the hallway. Gray is giving instructions to Joseph.

GRAY
Tell Marcel not to bother about the Rolls -- I'll drive Mr. Darrell to the station in the roadster.

Joseph nods and exits.

GRAY
(to Larry)
I can use a breath of air -- I'll meet you in the driveway in five minutes.

LARRY
Fine.

Gray exits toward front door as Larry advances toward Isabel and Maugham. (Larry can meet them half-way as the above action has given us time to place Isabel and Maugham wherever we want them. OR: Camera can follow Gray as he exits.)

75 TERRACE, MAUGHAM'S HOUSE - GROUP SHOT

Larry joins Isabel and Maugham.

ISABEL
(with an effort at lightness)
So you're on your way again.

(CONTINUED)

75 (Cont.)

LARRY
Yes. I'm sorry I can't stay for the funeral, but I have to catch a boat.

MAUGHAM
(to Isabel)
Which reminds me -- I'd best call my house and let them know I'm staying over. May I use your phone?

ISABEL
Of course.
(she indicates off)
It's in there.

Maugham exits, leaving Isabel and Larry alone.

76 EXT. TERRACE - CLOSE SHOT - LARRY AND ISABEL

This should be a secluded corner of the Terrace, and while they will move about during the ensuing scene we want to feel definitely that they are alone. (Maugham has gone to telephone, Gray is going to wait for Larry in the driveway, and Joseph has been sent to the garage.) Isabel knows that this may possibly be her last chance to hold Larry. She starts off by trying to be casual and at ease, but we feel that her nerves are taut.

ISABEL
So you're going back to America at last.

LARRY
(with a smile)
That's right.

ISABEL
And what are you going to do?

LARRY
(with a faint smile)
I thought I might take a job in a factory -- or a garage.

Isabel shoots him an annoyed look. He is not "ribbing" her in this scene, but at the same time he knows how his answers always exasperate her.

(CONTINUED)

76 (Cont.)

LARRY
I've always liked machinery. Besides, when I'm washing a car or tinkering with a carburetor my mind's free, and yet at the same time I have the pleasant feeling that I'm accomplishing something.

ISABEL
(more and more annoyed)
And after that?

LARRY
Oh, I don't know. I might buy a taxi.

ISABEL
A taxi?!

LARRY
Why not? As an owner-driver I'd just have to work long enough to pay for my board and lodging and depreciation on the car. The rest of the time I could ride around - travel - do as I pleased.

Isabel has heard enough. She explodes!

ISABEL
Oh Larry, for heaven's sake. What you need is a good psychiatrist!
(as he looks at her, unruffled)
Sometimes I think you're completely out of your mind! Just look what you've done with your life! And with <u>mine</u>! What in heaven's name are you trying to prove?

Larry starts to answer, then checks himself, smiles and shrugs it off. Isabel realizes that she has flared up too strongly. She relaxes and changes her tactics; she can get nowhere quarreling with him -- there must be <u>another</u> way.

ISABEL
I'd hoped you'd come back to the States with <u>us</u>. Gray's going into business again and he'll need all the help he can get.

(CONTINUED)

52

76 (Cont.1)

ISABEL (Cont.)
(she looks into
Larry's eyes)
Oh Larry - you've no idea what you've done for him. He spoke of it again only yesterday. You can't see the change -- but I can. When you're around, he's different -- much like his old self.

LARRY
(with a smile)
Gray doesn't need me -- he's all right. He'll go back and knock that town right on its ear.

ISABEL
(persistently)
But suppose he doesn't? Suppose something goes wrong again - and he has another breakdown? You can't imagine what he went through the last time. It wasn't just a matter of nerves, or headaches -- he was sick -- really sick. I've never told this to anyone before, but for months and months we had to watch him every minute. It wasn't just losing his money and the business his father had built up -- it was more than that. He blamed himself for all the things that happened to those little people who trusted him with their savings. I honestly believe that if it hadn't been for the children --
(her voice drops)
-- he'd have killed himself.

LARRY
(with directness and
great simplicity)
There's nothing so suprising about that. I don't suppose there's a man or woman living today who hasn't felt the same way at least once. The wonderful thing about life is that most of us get a second chance....I got a second chance right at the moment when I thought there was nothing in the world worth living for... Do you know what it means to see another man give up his life for you? Have you ever thought of what it is to walk the streets at night, knowing that

(CONTINUED)

76 (Cont.2)

LARRY (Cont.)
you're really walking in another man's shoes -- that somebody has deliberately died so that you can go on living?
(the look from the mountaintop comes into his eyes)
When I first came back to Chicago I didn't believe I'd ever find myself. And I haven't yet - completely. But I've found some of the things I've been looking for -- and some day I may find them all. In any event, I'm going to keep on looking. It isn't easy and it isn't fun. I've had moments of futility and frustration almost beyond enduring. But all that's past now -- past and done. I know what lies ahead -- and I know where I'm going... And Gray, in his own way, can do the same thing. This is his second chance, and I know he'll come through.

(This is Isabel's second setback. She got nowhere by quarreling with Larry in her effort to change his mind, and now her tactic of appealing to his sentiment for Gray has failed. There is only one course left for her.)

ISABEL
(all out)
All right -- suppose he does? What about me? Doesn't it mean anything to you that I love you -- that I've never loved anybody else but you? -- that my children might have been your children? That --

She comes in very close to him, and in his eyes she sees that he does -- that she always has meant much to him.

ISABEL
Oh, why didn't I marry you when I had the chance? I could have! You know I could! That last night in Paris! You were ready enough to give up all this foolishness for me. If I'd just had brains enough I could have saved you! But no, I threw you out! I thought I was being so noble! Remember?

(CONTINUED)

76 (Cont.3)

ISABEL (Cont.)
(as he turns his head away)
Look at me, Larry. You know you want me - that you've always wanted me! Say it's true! Say you know it's true!

He looks at her and she knows it's true, even if he doesn't say it. Suddenly she throws her arms about him, now using every weapon of physical attraction she can muster.

ISABEL
(whispering)
Oh Larry - I love you! I love you! Promise you'll come back with us -- promise you will!

She clings to him for a long moment. He doesn't draw away from her and neither does he hold her, though for an instant we see in his face how difficult it is for him. Then there is a change in his manner. In a quiet casual voice he says,

LARRY
Tell me about Sophie, Isabel. I've wanted to ask you for a long time.

The name Sophie coming out of the blue at this moment is something Isabel never counted on.

ISABEL
(drawing back)
Sophie! What about Sophie?

LARRY
That afternoon she came to your apartment -- did she have anything to drink?

ISABEL
(perfectly frank)
Yes.

LARRY
Persovka?

ISABEL
How did you know?

(CONTINUED)

76 (Cont.4)

LARRY
It's strange that she should have asked for such an unfamiliar liqueur.

ISABEL
She didn't ask for anything. She just helped herself. I had to leave to pick up my daughter at the dentist's, and when I returned Sophie was gone -- and the bottle was empty.

LARRY
(after a pause)
When you found Sophie gone and the bottle empty, weren't you surprised?

ISABEL
I thought she got tired of waiting.
(then looking at him with an attempt at frankness)
When I noticed the bottle was empty, I thought the butler had drunk it. I very nearly spoke to him about it.

LARRY
(after a slight pause)
You're not a very good liar, Isabel.

ISABEL
(her eyes narrowing)
You don't believe me?

LARRY
Not for a moment.

She looks at him, then turns and walks away. He comes over beside her. She faces him.

ISABEL
Oh well, there's no reason why I shouldn't be perfectly honest with you. When I came back and saw the bottle was empty, I suspected what

(CONTINUED)

76 (Cont. 5)

ISABEL (Cont.)
had happened, but I didn't say anything about it because it would have only distressed you.

LARRY
Are you quite sure the bottle wasn't left with her purposely?

ISABEL
(evenly)
Quite.

LARRY
I don't believe you, Isabel.

ISABEL
(flaring up)
Then don't!

Suddenly she flings down her cigarette. Her eyes are dark with anger.

ISABEL
All right, if you want the truth you can have it! I did it, and I'd do it again! I was determined to stop at nothing to prevent her marrying you! Nobody else would do a thing. They didn't care. I did. Oh, Larry, you men are such fools! I knew that sooner or later she would break down. It stuck out a mile.

She faces him now, her eyes flashing with passion and her voice harsh. She can hardly get the words out quickly enough.

ISABEL
You saw how jittery she was at the Ritz. I knew she'd give her soul for a drink. The idea came to me when Uncle Elliott made such a fuss about the stuff. I hated it, but I pretended it was wonderful. I knew that if she had a chance she'd never resist. That's why I offered to give her a wedding dress. I'd made up my mind that if I found Sophie had not touched the bottle

(CONTINUED)

52

76 (Cont. 6)

ISABEL (Cont.)
I'd make the best of things and try to be friends with her. That's true. I swear it. But when I got home and saw the bottle was empty, I knew I'd been right all along.

Isabel is panting as she finishes. Larry stands looking at her, his face a mask.

LARRY
(after a long pause)
That's pretty much what I thought... Sophie's dead.

ISABEL
(shocked)
Larry!

LARRY
Her body was found in the harbor at Toulon. She'd been murdered.

ISABEL
Oh, how horrible! Do they know who did it?

LARRY
No --- but I do.

There is a long pause. Larry looks at Isabel, sees her white, drawn face -- the impact of the news upon her.

LARRY
There's no need to be shocked about Sophie any more, Isabel....I've had the feeling all day that Sophie is where she would want to be most --
(his voice chokes. He catches himself)
-- with Bob and Linda.
(there is a pause)
It's a very usual and simple way to look at it -- but it's comforting... Goodbye -- Isabel....and take care of Gray -- he needs you now -- more than ever....

77 EXT. TERRACE - WIDER ANGLE

Larry leaves. Isabel, stunned with emotion, stands staring after him. She fumbles for a cigarette. Her

(CONTINUED)

77 (Cont.)

eyes are blurred. As she lights the cigarette her hands tremble. Suddenly she makes up her mind to rush after him. She must call him back -- stop him! She drops the cigarette and starts forward....Maugham is standing directly in front of her. She pulls up, faltering.

78 CLOSE SHOT - ISABEL AND MAUGHAM

ISABEL
(with a sob)
He's gone.

MAUGHAM
I know.

ISABEL
I've lost him, lost him for good. I love him. I love him so tenderly. And now I've lost him.

She turns to face him.

ISABEL
(through her tears)
Do you suppose we'll ever see him again?

MAUGHAM
It isn't likely. His America will be as remote from yours as the Gobi Desert.

ISABEL
It's all so crazy! So useless! What is he trying to do with his life? What does he hope to find?

MAUGHAM
(with great deliberation)
My dear, Larry has found what we all want and very few of us ever get.... I don't think anyone can fail to be better and nobler and kinder for knowing him...You see, my dear, goodness is, after all, the greatest force in the world, and he's got it....

As Isabel continues to stare at him, her lovely face twisted with grief, we

DISSOLVE TO:

79 DECK OF TRAMP STEAMER AT SEA - DAY

CAMERA IS SHOOTING FROM THE ship's superstructure of her bow plunging into a heavy sea. There is a great burst of spray. A fresh breeze is blowing and the sea is breaking into foaming whitecaps. The sky is full of scudding clouds broken with patches of blue sky. It is early morning.

80 SECTION OF MAIN DECK - AFT

The ship is pitching in the heavy sea. Spray is flying. Larry appears on deck through a bulkhead door which leads to the engine room. He is stripped to the waist and grimy with oil and sweat. He moves over to the rail beside a sailor. OVER SCENE we hear MAUGHAM'S VOICE:

MAUGHAM'S VOICE
That was the very last time I saw Larry Darrell... As I said in the beginning -- he is <u>not</u> famous, yet it may be that the way of life he has chosen for himself may have an ever-growing influence over his fellowmen so that, long after his death perhaps, it may be realized that there lived in this age a very remarkable creature...Wherever you are, Larry, good luck and may God bless you.....

Larry looks off. The wind is blowing through his hair. His face is wet with spray. A smile of contentment comes over his face. The bow of the ship plunges into another heavy sea, and as a tremendous burst of spray fills the screen, we

FADE OUT

<u>T H E E N D</u>